

# Sports Illustrated

NOV. 26, 1971 60 CENTS

All on the eve of the Ellis fight

## 'THE FUTURE IS A MIST'



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you'll know it's right.**



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the  
money  
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\*Source: Certified ball counts taken domestically during the 1970 PGA Tour, 47 events, plus U.S. Open, Masters Championship, Canadian Open.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 341 North Park Avenue, Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611, principal office. Registered Office: New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepley, President; Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer; Charles B. Best, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Chicago, Illinois and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean Islands \$12.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world \$18.00 a year; all others \$16.00 a year.

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## Next week

**OUTTASIGHT** In which Pittsburgh scenes headed in the National League's Eastern race, propelled largely by the bat of its cleat-up batter and prime MVP candidate Willie Stargell.

**FRIENDLY ENEMIES** Muhammad Ali and Jimmy Ellis meet in the Houston Astro-dome to decide who gets a return shot at Joe Frazier for the title. Tex Maule reports.

**THE WORLD'S MEANEST** auto race plunges modern drivers into the ancient culture of East Africa. Robert F. Jones describes the impact on men and machines of an exotic land.

## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



SERVICE AND PEACEABLE KINGDOM

When his work last appeared in these pages, Author William Service was coaxing a tiny wild owl through the domesticated confines of his living room (SI, June 30, 1969). His account of life with Owl made a memorable story. As we rejoin Service this week (page 58) he is coaxing domesticated youngsters into the wild confines of the Carolina woods. Question: What is Bill Service up to, anyway?

The answer is that he has contracted one of the more persistent cases of ecological dedication on record. He believes people have a place in the wilderness, and vice versa. Everyone, from schoolchild to politician, has picked up the environmental bug over the last year or so, embracing the great outdoors as if it had just been invented. But Service has seniority among such discoverers. He came to the outdoors six years ago when he and his wife Cornelia bought a piece of wooded North Carolina real estate near Durham and built themselves a home there.

"Up to that point, frankly, I didn't know a maple from an oak, despite a fairly generous exposure to nature as a youngster," Service says. But in the course of building the house, the contractor was forced to remove large chunks of the flora. That is when Ser-

vico got bitten. He set out to restore the plant life and to identify the growth that remained. And soon he knew the name of every living thing that grew on his territory.

Since then he and Cornelia have turned their big, red barnlike house and its surrounding landscape into a near-replica of Edward Hicks' painting *The Peaceable Kingdom*. They have allotted just enough lawn for the children to play on. The rest they have painstakingly planted with both native and cultivated growth. And they have encouraged all manner of wildlife to make itself at home.

The wilderness, some of it rather exotic, overflows into the house. There is a "huge horror of a snapping turtle," as Service describes it, that was given to them by a New York visitor who thought it would make a nice house pet, something like Owl. It did not quite turn out that way. Until recently, a squirrel monkey lived just outside the back door in a wisteria vine. From this enclave he would make forays into the house for tidbits. He was especially fond of hors d'oeuvres, and summer cocktail parties were his favorite times. The monkey, unfortunately, decided to swing one day from a high-tension line. That still leaves the Services with a wide assortment of fauna, however.

As for the true-to-life outdoor adventure he describes in this week's issue, Service thinks getting children face to face with nature is the only way they will learn its importance to them.

"Children cannot be taught ecology in sit-me-down-and-talk sessions," he says. "You have to give them physical, sensory experience of the wilds." Which is the kind of thing Service has learned in his Peaceable Kingdom down there in Durham.

*Dick Munro*

## Sports Illustrated

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The taste is dry.

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# Robert W. Morgan Talks Sports.

(Jack Fleming Reports)



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Her "Galliano Gold" gown is by famed Italian designer Biki of Milan. Photographed at "Palatine Hill," Rome.

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# SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

## FOOT FAULT FOR NAACP

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, an organization which has done enormous good for American blacks, now is undertaking a project that will trouble many of its well-wishers.

Jack E. Robinson, head of the Boston chapter of NAACP, has announced that the association will undertake an "active protest" against all sports events featuring athletes from South Africa, beginning with next month's professional tennis championships at Longwood Cricket Club and the Massachusetts Golf Classic at Pleasant Valley Country Club. Cliff Drysdale, Frew McMillan and Bob Maod, South African tennis players, are entered at Longwood and Gary Player and Harold Henning at Pleasant Valley.

"The Boston tournaments will be the opening round of national protests of sporting events in which any South African appears," Robinson says. "There are no reasons why these representatives of *apartheid* should be welcome in the United States."

While it grows more and more difficult to keep sports and politics separate, there is no more reason to think that South African athletes are necessarily "representatives of *apartheid*" than that Americans abroad are representatives of the Ku Klux Klan—or the Black Panthers.

## BROKEN RHYTHM

Until he was put on the 21-day disabled list, Denny McLain, his record 5 and 13, had a chance to become the first major-leaguer to both win and lose 30 games in single seasons. That he won 31 games in 1968 for Detroit, a good team, and is now pitching for Washington, a weak team, is only part of the explanation. McLain missed half of last season because of his suspension for a gambling involvement. His pitching effectiveness never returned.

In most sports, year-long absences

have been costly. Curt Flood was hitting .200 before he quit earlier this year, no small letdown for a near .300 hitter. Paul Hornung returned after a year's gambling suspension and lost his field-goal touch, after 15 for 22 and 6 for 10 seasons, he made 12 of 38 attempts and probably cost the Green Bay Packers a title. And, of course, there is Muhammad Ali, 3½ years out of boxing and no longer heavyweight champion.

Some, like Ted Williams, Sugar Ray Robinson and Tony Conigliaro (until his eyesight failed), have been able to make noteworthy comebacks. But for the most part it seems that sabbaticals are fine for scholars but dreadful for athletes.

## TROTTING SCANDAL

The current investigation of a supposedly fixed trotting race at Yonkers Raceway in New York has already revealed a pattern of failure as old as racing itself. The track, the state and the sport's owners, trainers and drivers, equal partners in profit in good times, are equal partners in guilt when inevitable trouble comes along.

Yonkers obviously has failed in its responsibility to keep crooks and racketeers away from the track. What has not been emphasized is that Yonkers has stubbornly refused for years to join the sportswide security agency headed by ex-FBI man John Brennan—an agency designed to keep out the thieves. By refusing, Yonkers has not only denied itself the benefits of that agency's efforts but hindered what should be a fully cooperative enterprise.

The state of New York, somnolent as usual about security until its tax money is threatened by lack of confidence among bettors, has neglected its own police powers. If its law enforcement people are not up to the task of putting known racketeers behind bars, they should at least be able to keep tabs on these crooks and alert track officials.

The horsemen may be the most hap-

less of the partners. Far from being the sophisticated group the public imagines, they, like most athletes, are almost totally immersed in the technicalities of their sport. They are oblivious to much that goes on around them. Their days begin at 6 a.m. and end at midnight, and consist of a constant preoccupation with bowed tendons, recalcitrant 2-year-olds, stakes payments and intrusive owners. They have the most to lose through scandal, yet they do the least to protect the sport they profess to love. Faced with recurring scandals that can destroy harness racing, the sport's big names—the Del Millers, Billy Haughtons, Joe O'Briens, Stanley Dancers—must start taking an active role in weeding out the weak, susceptible and plain crooked members of their profession.

## CROWS, COYOTES AND GOLF

A big black bird, 10-year-old Stephanie Kinnett told her parents, had just dropped a golf ball in the back yard.



Since such things do not happen in a Cincinnati suburb, the Kinnetts went right on watching TV.

A morning or two later the Kinnetts picked up eight golf balls in the yard and spotted a crow flying away. It had a nest in nearby woods. The balls were traced to the Crest Hills Country Club, which is a mile and a half away as the crow flies.

Meanwhile, in Bothell, Wash. a golfer at the Wayne Golf Club drove a ball into waist-high rough. After a fruitless search he and his group walked on. A short distance down the fairway, he

*continued*

# Introducing a crimestopper so advanced



Digicom is made by the Sociosystems Products Organization of GTE Sylvania, P.O. Box 188, Mountain View, Calif. 94040



# Dick Tracy doesn't have it yet.



It should come as no news flash to you that there's no one easy way to stop crime.

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As the calls come in, he has to track down the radio car closest to the scene.

And that's just for openers.

Because next he has to find out if it's available.

And then get in touch with it by radio.

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Digicom records the availability of all radio cars on a TV screen down at headquarters.

It even records their exact location. (When the radio patrolman touches a spot on his digimap, the same spot lights up on the dispatcher's duplicate map.)

As for the cop on patrol, with digicom in his car, he can actually run five license plate checks a minute directly through the state computer file. And check up on suspicious characters.

Unlike conventional radio, nobody can listen in, and the channels are never congested. Because digicom doesn't transmit voices. It transmits data. Electronically.

Naturally, all of this means a lot to the police, who need all the help they can get nowadays.

The cop on the spot can make faster decisions, because he's better informed.

That goes for the dispatcher, too.

But it also means something to the average citizen.

Knowing which car to send where can not only save time, but lives. And at the very least, can just plain get help to a lot of people fast.

Of course, the police can't carry digicom around with them like Dick Tracy's wrist-radio.

Yet.

**GTE**

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

came upon his bail. Unaccountably, it was mangled, as if it had been run over by a mower.

At the end of the round, he showed the ball to the club pro, who explained what had happened. A family of coyotes lives near the No. 6 hole. They chew on any ball hit near them, apparently in the hope that it might be an egg. Then, finding it inedible, they discard it—sometimes on the fairway.

#### POISONING OF THE WEST (CONT.)

If you have been wondering what progress is being made toward saving the vanishing American eagle, consider this:

Wyoming rancher Van Irvine was charged with eight counts of shooting antelope in an area closed to hunting, seven counts of hunting without a license, seven counts of abandoning a game animal and letting it needlessly go to waste and seven counts of using a game animal for bait. He pleaded no defense and was fined the minimum, \$675.

Audubon Society members had turned up 22 dead eagles, poisoned by thallium sulphate, in the area, and federal investigators found antelope carcasses saturated with the poison on Irvine's Diamond Ring Ranch.

Not only did Irvine get off with the lowest possible fine, he was commended for breaking the law by the county prosecutor, John Burk, who said:

"I admire and respect Irvine for accepting full responsibility. Except for mineral interests, ranching is still the backbone of the state. Predator losses are a problem for all of them and predator control is more important than the loss of a few eagles."

#### BIG MEDICINE

The notion that the athlete, if he pursues sport too strenuously, will one day develop a condition known to medicine as "athletic heart," is hard to put down. But it is beginning to be expunged from the literature of the M.D. This month's *Journal of the Medical Society of New Jersey* is a help in that regard.

The *Journal* quotes from Macmillan's just published *Encyclopedia of Sports Sciences and Medicine* and from a study by Dr. Dale Groom of Oklahoma, on the exceptional endurance capacities of the Tarahumara Indians of Mexico (SI, Jan. 6, 1967).

"For the Tarahumara, running is the principal sport," the *Journal* says. "It

is at the same time his livelihood, his recreation and his criterion for success, since he hunts deer by the simple method of running after one relentlessly for a couple of days until the animal drops from exhaustion. He also catches wild turkeys by pursuing them until they can no longer rise from the ground in flight.

"At play, he does even more prodigious feats. His 'kickball races,' played by teams of men kicking a wooden ball about the size of a tennis ball carved by a machete, extend for distances up to 150 miles. And this is no relay, each man runs the route."

But the Tarahumara has a heart of normal size, and medical studies have rarely found an instance of one falling dead from exhaustion or becoming fatally ill from his interminable running sessions.

To be sure, the Tarahumara does not quit running in his 20s and spend the rest of his life sitting down.

As Dr. George A. Sheehan of Red Bank, N.J., sums up: "Man's life expectancy—that of living each day at the top of his powers rather than longevity—depends on getting the utmost out of his body. Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow you die would be O.K. if it were true. It isn't. The truth is—eat, drink and be merry and tomorrow you're gross."

If a Tarahumara ever enters the Boston Marathon, buck him all the way.

#### HAIL AND FAREWELL

For the coaches of Bloomington (Ind.) High School this is a summer to forget. They must find replacements for the largest group of graduating star athletes in the school's history.

They need candidates to take the places of Dobby Grossman and Dave Brown from the unbeaten football team, Jack Deppe from the unbeaten state champion swimming team, Jim Cornwell and Marty Hutsell from the unbeaten state champion wrestling team and Frank Witney from the 20-5 baseball team.

Of the six, Grossman, Brown, Deppe and Cornwell were picked as high school All-Americans by national publications. Hutsell and Cornwell were chosen on a Top 50 list of the nation's prep wrestlers. And although there are no All-America baseball selections, Witney was recommended by major league scouts to the collegiate baseball program at Arizona State.

#### BOTTOMS UP

A gully once filled with empty whiskey bottles is becoming part of one of Utah's finest year-round resort areas. Owned and operated by the state's first residents, the Ute Indians, it has been named the Ute Bottle Hollow Resort. There are 42 luxury motel units, along with excellent swimming, boating and dining facilities.

The Ute tribe consists of 1,600 Indians living on a reservation that is 250 miles long and covers one million acres, much of the same former hunting and fishing area the Ute roamed in their early history. They have six reservoirs and 10 streams stocked with almost a quarter million cutthroat and rainbow trout. They hunt buffalo, deer, elk, bear, cougar, pheasant, chukar partridge, grouse, geese and wild turkey. Now they are making arrangements to guide hunting parties into the more remote areas of the reservation.

As to how Bottle Hollow got its name, you might think that it derived from the fact that the hollow was filled with bottles. Not entirely. Whiskey was not allowed on the Ute reservation in the settlers' days, so troopers of the U.S. Cavalry unit stationed at Fort Duchesne took care to drain their whiskey bottles before entering Ute country. They discarded their empties into a gully just outside the reservation border. Looking at the bottles, the Ute remarked that they were always hollow, i.e., empty.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Duane Thomas, Dallas Cowboy running back, asked if he had an IQ: "Sure I've got one. It's a perfect 20-20."
- Bill McClard of Arkansas, holder of the NCAA field-goal record (60 yards) and former Oklahoma high school shot-put champion, on why he gave up putting the shot: "Think what would happen if I dropped it on my toe."
- Lou Camilli of the Cleveland Indians: "Maybe they ought to change our name to the Cleveland Light Company. We don't have anything but utility men."
- Joseph Durno, *The New York Times* baseball writer, when asked how he got his stories from Boston to New York during the Western Union strike: "I take them to a professor at M.I.T., and he leaks them to *The Times*."
- Lee Trevino, recalling his boyhood: "My family was so poor they couldn't afford any kids. The lady next door had me."

END

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Much younger than Regazzoni, and in many ways more appealing, is Team Lotus' No. 1 driver, Emerson Fittipaldi. Emmy is only 24, a shy, shaggy-haired Brazilian who won the U.S. Grand Prix last year in his first season. Emerson—named after Ralph Waldo, of all people—began his racing career in 1965. "I drove some of those strange machines that exist only in South America," he explains. "My brother and I built a little two-liter monster that rather resembled a Porsche Carrera Six but had a personality all its own."

Emigrating to Britain in late 1968, Fittipaldi raced Formula Fords and F-3 cars for nearly two seasons before his skills caught the eye of Lotus Boss Colin Chapman. With Rindt's death, Emmy became Chapman's top driver. Behind the wheel he is a strong competitor. "They don't come any tougher than Emmy," says Jackie Stewart.

Stewart also gets good vibes from his Tyrrell-Ford teammate, François Cevert, a lanky, 27-year-old Parisian whose gentle good humor belies his ferocity on the racetrack. In 1969, Cevert beat Stewart in an F-2 race at Rheims, and when Johnny Servoz-Gavin announced his retirement in May of last year, Ken Tyrrell hired him.

Sweden's Ronnie Peterson, driving for March-Ford, Australia's Tim Schenken on the Brabham team, New Zealander Howden Ganley (BRM) and South Africa's Dave Charlton (Lotus) fill out the remainder of the field of talented new arrivals on the Formula 1 scene. Last week at Silverstone they all had a shot at the main chance: beating Stewart on his own back yard.

Right from the first practice session it was clear that this would be the fastest, hardest-fought Silverstone race in the track's 23-year history. Tucked away in the rolling green mosaic of the English countryside nearly two hours north of London, Silverstone is a former World War II R.A.F. bomber base that offers little beauty, but an opportunity for speed. It is one of the fastest circuits on the Grand Prix schedule, but a relatively safe one. "They are all difficult," said Matra's Jean-Pierre Beltoise, "but Silverstone is a bit less difficult than, say,

Nürburgring or Spa." The main trick at Silverstone is to take the deceptive right-hand corner into the pit row, a turn known in good old Middle English as Woodcote, at its optimum speed: 145 mph. "But there is no corner that you can take at less than 115," said Stewart, "not if you want to qualify near the head of the pack. And you must top out at 180-plus on the straights."

Pheasants and rabbits skittered across the tarmac as the lean, low Grand Prix cars rippled through their frantic practice rounds; Rolf Stommelen bent the nose of his Surtees-Ford on one unfortunate cone. Lager and lime moistened many a throat during the sessions, for it was the hottest, sunniest Silverstone summer in memory, with temperatures in the high, un-British 80s. "Who needs Jamaica when you can come to Silverstone?" ran one of the extemporaneous slogans.

Right off the bat, Stewart exceeded his own record lap time of 1:20.5 (130.9 mph) with a clocking of 1:18.3 in unofficial practice. Regazzoni responded most enthusiastically with a time of 1:18.1, good enough to win the pole. Even though Stewart ultimately equaled Regazzoni, he could not crack the 135-mph barrier. Still, at least 16 of the 24 cars entered in the race beat Stewart's old lap mark, which was set only last May 8. Grabber tires and better-tuned engines were the reason for the quantum jump in speeds.

Switzerland's Jo (Seppi) Siffert seized the third spot on the front row in his BRM just a tenth of a second behind Regazzoni and Stewart, with Fittipaldi lying fourth at 1:18.3. Siffert had inherited the 12-cylinder BRM that was driven with such success earlier this season by Pedro Rodriguez. When Pedro died in the high-speed crash of a Ferrari 512 at Germany's Norisring earlier this month, the customary freeze on discussion of the accident set in. The BRM people issued regrets and condolences; no single driver on any team mentioned Pedro's name of his own volition. Yet Pedro's shade cooled the Silverstone sunlight all week long.

In the pubs of Northamptonshire on the eve of the race, apprehension flavored the pints of bitter. "Automobile racing—it's a disease," said an elderly woman in The Hind, at Wellingborough. "I wish these silly young men would quit it and simply take to drink." No

way, old lady. The medieval pikes and Roundhead armor that festoon the public houses have been converted, these days, into BRMs and Lotuses, McLarens and Tyrrells, and the March-Ford of contemporary England wears a wing on its red, racy nose.

During his warmup lap for the race, Jackie Stewart had cool enough to nod a greeting to a friend stationed in the first corner who had flashed a thumbs-up signal to him. Dave Charlton—oops, Charlton—looked white-faced and trembling under his wispy blond mustache, largely because his Lotus was smoking. Runty Weasel, in the Lotus turbine, hissed by like an overheated coffpot while the big brass Silverstone band moaned *God Save the Queen*. On the pole, Regazzoni was a bundle of drag-strip nerves. He jumped the hesitant flag of the starter and led Stewart into Turn One, a place called Copse Corner, by three car-lengths, but that was the extent of his celebrity this day.

By lap two Stewart had asserted himself, taking Regazzoni handily in the back corners, pheasants and rabbits notwithstanding. From that point on, Stewart worked his way gradually to a 37-second lead, nearly a mile by Silverstone standards. The young boys ended up fighting among themselves. Fittipaldi, who stumbled at the start and had to fight his way back through traffic from ninth place, ended up third. Ronnie Peterson took second, mainly because he kept his Swedish calm and had a healthy car underfoot. Regazzoni dropped out well before the finish with a smoking engine and blisters on his tires.

And so the king still stood alone—perhaps the most luminous racer the world has ever seen. Long-haired and sparrowvoiced, he transcends the skills expected of a Formula 1 driver: he is at once sap-herman and supershill, good friend and one-upman. If he wins the championship again this year, as he should, he will have nothing left to prove but his continuing claim on his kingdom. One may be pardoned for hoping that Stewart will retire entirely unscathed with his hefty bankroll and his nifty family.

In the meantime bring us another pint of bitter, mum, and let Jackie Stewart keep a sharp eye on the rearview mirror. Those Stumblin Madly Charltons are coming on. **END**

*Grawling lions are Emerson Fittipaldi (above, right-center), also known as "Emmy-puddy," and Clay Regazzoni. "Regalon" is some-*

# AESOP IS THE OFFICIAL SCORER

*In this fable of the National League batting race, top contenders are The Tortoise, Joe Torre of St. Louis, and The Hare, Willie Davis of Los Angeles. The moral is: be yourself and go with the pitch* **by MARK MULVOY**

**T**he Odd Couple, Catcher John Batesman of the Montreal Expos calls them. No, says Broadcaster Vin Scully, they are The Tortoise and The Hare. In fact, Willie Davis of the Los Angeles Dodgers and Joe Torre of the St. Louis Cardinals—the leading hitters in a crowded race for the National League's batting championship—have practically nothing in common except a proclivity for getting on base.

Take Davis. Fidgety Willie, the perpetual-motion man, is a 9.7 sprinter who beats out bunts, legs out routine grounders to shortstop and third base, turns ordinary singles into ordinary doubles, steals bases and even scores from second base on sacrifice bunts—at least he did once against the startled San Francisco Giants a couple of weeks ago.

Now consider Torre. Swarthy Joe, who has the worst case of five o'clock shadow in baseball (more like noon shadow), is a 14-flat plodder whose idea of a leg hit is a ball hit off someone's leg. He runs so slowly that he turns doubles into singles, and the only thing he ever tries to stretch is his new Cardinal uniform. "You wouldn't say I'm a speedster," Torre admits.

Despite his lack of swiftness, Torre is hitting .358 this season and presently leads Davis by 14 percentage points in the batting race—a case of the tortoise showing the hare some early foot. But neither Torre nor Davis believes this can remain a private duel for the rest of the season. Four-time winner Roberto Clemente (.336) is just off the pace. He was carping last week that official scorers have robbed him of two other batting titles in the past and are out to deny him another one this year. Torre's teammate, Lou Brock, is at .337, and he has the speed, like Davis, to avoid extended slumps. Two long shots, Cubs Glenn Beckert and Joe Pepitone, refuse

to wilt, and a couple of former batting champions, Matty Alou of the Cardinals and Pete Rose of the Reds, are still close enough to get hot and take it all. "You don't win a batting championship until the last day of the year," Davis says.

Neither The Tortoise nor The Hare has ever won a batting title—and they both have been in the majors for a decade—but past performance gives no reliable clue to their present form, because both are swinging with new batting philosophies. Torre—who turned 31 Sunday, three months after Davis—has altered his physique as well as his technique.

With a .297 lifetime mark, Torre has always been a high-average hitter, but he began making changes at the plate after going to St. Louis three seasons ago in a trade for Orlando Cepeda. Before that, while playing with the Braves, he was a roly-poly 225-pound, spaghetti-loving catcher with a home-run swing. "I hit 36 homers one year for the Braves," he says, "and that's all the people in Atlanta ever talked about." Now Torre is a svelte, 200-pound, water-gulping third baseman who disdains the long ball. Instead, he plays Ping-Pong with line drives off the synthetic grass at Busch Stadium. The typical 1971 Torre hit is a vicious one-bouncer between short and third, or a shot off the outfield wall.

"I stand a little closer to the plate here in St. Louis," Torre says, "and try to concentrate on attacking the ball. I'm never a defensive hitter, not even when the pitcher has two strikes on me. Then I just protect the plate a little more and try to go to right." According to Batesman, who calls the pitches for the Expos, the best place to pitch Torre is high and inside. "But you really have to pinpoint it there," Batesman says, "and there aren't many pitchers in baseball who can throw to an exact spot. If you get

the ball a little down or a little into the middle on Torre he will kill it. Put it this way: you pitch him carefully. With him, a walk isn't all that bad."

After his first year with St. Louis, Torre started on a high-protein diet and now has lost more than 25 pounds. When dieting he drinks eight glasses of water every day and goes heavy on beef and cottage cheese. Among the no-nos are beer (does Gussie Busch know that?), most vegetables and, of course, spaghetti. "I always felt tired and stale in the late innings until I went on my diet," Torre says. "Now I feel strong all game."

Playing third base, instead of catching, also helps Torre maintain his strength. "I'm not up and down, down and up all the time anymore," he says. "And it's a big change mentally, too. When you catch, you've got to be thinking about the other club's hitters all the time. You never really have time to think about your own hitting. Sure, you have to think at third base, but between innings you can concentrate on your own hitting, not how you will have to pitch the other club's hitters the next inning."

Torre usually bats cleanup for the Cardinals, following Brock and Alou and Ted Simmons, a young catcher who is hitting .307 despite all the thinking he has to do. Thus, with three .300 hitters in front of him, there is usually somebody on base for the pitcher to worry about when Torre comes to bat. Against the Expos one night last week Brock led off the game with a walk, Alou bunted for a hit and Simmons singled to load the bases. Torre stepped up, picked his pitch and lined a single to left field that scored two runs. In his next at bat he drove in another Cardinal run with a seeing-eye single between third base and shortstop. "Base hits," Joe cooed. "Love those base hits."

While Torre, whose .325 average tied





The swift (and now sure) Willie Davis poses with the swarthy (and now slim) Joe Torre.

Manny Sanguillen for second place in the 1970 batting race, has been an occasional member of the league's top ten. Davis is a relatively new resident in that community. He had eight erratic seasons with the Dodgers, his average ranging from .238 to .294, until he finally hit .311 in 1969 and then followed that with a .305 average last year after a horrendous start. Davis now will admit that

he practically wasted those first eight years in the majors. It took him that long to prove to himself that he was not Willie Mays or Henry Aaron or Frank Robinson or Babe Ruth—or whoever struck his fancy at the time. Rather than hit like Willie Davis, he would adopt some other hitter's style and try to Xerox it at the plate. And he would fail. "I'm hitting my way now," he says.

Davis always seems to be in motion. When he gets up in the morning he usually goes to a driving range and hits several buckets of golf balls. "It helps my hands," he says. "Releasing the hands in golf is like releasing the hands in baseball." Once at the ball park he turns on his stereo cassettes and relaxes to the sounds of groups like the Supremes. He simulates putting strokes in the clubhouse with a bat, plays pepper constantly with the bat boys and hits fungoes to the outfield. "I've always got to have a bat in my hands," he says. "I've always got to be loose."

At bat he is, naturally, a nervous hitter. After going through a long series of muscle-stretching contortions, he will step into the batter's box, take his stance and start to wiggle his left elbow. After every pitch he moves out of the box, reaches down, picks up dirt with his left hand, rolls the dirt around and then rubs it into his right hand—as a tennis player does with sawdust. Then he bangs his bat against his cleats, touches the baseball cap tucked in his left rear pocket, reaches down again to adjust the flap on his cleats and steps back into the box—ready, at last, to torment the already thoroughly tormented pitcher with a line drive.

Normally, left-handed batters are susceptible to low, outside pitches. Not Davis. "He flicks those things to short or third and then beats them out," Bateman says. "What we try to do is pitch to his strength. We like to pitch him inside. That way he'll pull the ball, and if he hits it to the right side of the infield at least we have a chance to throw him out."

Bateman thinks that Davis would be a certain .400 hitter if Dodger Stadium had synthetic turf instead of old-fashioned grass. "Just imagine all those line drives of his that the infielders barely catch in their webbing. They're doubles or even triples on a rug."

Davis, meanwhile, laughs off the way that pitchers around the league are throwing to him now. "So they're picking me inside," he says, "and I'm pulling the ball. I'm hitting, what—.350? If I were one of those pitchers I'd try to pitch me someplace else. And real fast." Davis is determined to prove that fast and steady can beat slow and steady in any race.

END

# AFRICA WAS RIGHT ON IN DIXIE

*Before the biggest and most jubilant track crowd of the year, the U.S. and Africa met down in Durham. The U.S. won, but the big attractions were Olympian Kip Keino and Ethiopia's mixed-up Mirus Ifter* **by PETER CARRY**

**T**he hollow thump thump of conga drums and the singsong rhythms of bongos pulsed down from the upper rows of Duke University's Wallace Wade Stadium. The scene last weekend in Durham, N.C. was not supposed to be musical and, in fact, the dozen or more drummers were merely spectators at the Pan-Africa-U.S.A. International Track Meet. Yet their playing sounded the right note for the first appearance of an all-Africa team in America.

Indeed, except for the alternately bizarre and brilliant races of a tiny Ethiopian distance runner, Mirus Ifter, the meet was more a triumph of spirit than of track. There were no major records at Durham, where the weather was too hot and muggy and the recently resurfaced track too springy. There were, however, plenty of firsts. Never before had the visitors joined together as one team, all wearing the same green uniform with the gold letters A-F-R-I-C-A across the backs and lining up behind one flag, the banner of the 14-nation Supreme Council for Sport in Africa.

Whether the Supreme Council's achievement in Pan-Africanism will have any political impact on that continent is doubtful, but it was immediately clear that the presence of a unified African team was a unique occasion for Americans. The meet was the first of international stature ever held in the South, and it was a success, drawing financial backing from the local government and businesses and a surprising total crowd of 52,000 for the two days. It also provided a moment of special pride for the Afro-Americans who made up most of the U.S. team. And it was an hour of triumph for Leroy Walker, the dynamic black coach at Durham's North Carolina Central University who dared to dream of bringing Africa to the South.

Although the visiting men lost 111-

78 and the U.S. women easily won, the meet demonstrated that Africa continues to heat up as an incubator for track and field talent. Africans won five Gold Medals at the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City, but all were regarded with suspicion because the winners were accustomed to competition at high altitudes. The African men won the same number of first-place medals in Durham, along with nine seconds, including unexpected ones in the shotput and discus. Two of the wins, Kipchoge Keino's in the 1,500 meters (3:37.5) and John Akii-Bua's in the intermediate hurdles (49 flat), were tainted despite their brilliance by the absence of America's—and the world's—best. Miler Marty Liquori and hurdler Ralph Mann, the only two runners with better times than the Africans in those events this season, decided to compete in Europe instead of in Durham, a decision that hardly enhanced their sport. Robert Ouko in the 800 meters and steeplechaser Ben Jiphebo won clear victories over the best U.S. competition. For the U.S., Pat Matzdorf, the new world record holder, showed his consistency by easily clearing 7' 4" on his first try.

The Africans might have won six men's events had it not been for the strange happenings during Ifter's 5,000-meter race against Steve Prefontaine. Prefontaine was expected to be an easy winner, because nobody west of the Blue Nile had ever heard of Ifter. Nobody was likely to notice him either. He may stand as much as 5' 4", but it is hard to be sure since he speaks only Amharic, reticent Amharic at that. When an interpreter asked him how tall he is, Ifter deepened the furrows on his already worried-looking face and answered, "I don't know."

In the 5,000 meters, while Prefontaine maintained his usual steady pace, Ifter kept shifting position between first and fourth. Then with 300 yards to go on

the next-to-last lap, Ifter broke into a sprint. Prefontaine kicked briefly with him and then slackened back to his usual speed. When Ifter reached the finish line to begin the gun lap, he led Prefontaine by 40 yards. He threw up his hands in supposed victory and came to a stop, thinking the race was over. In the ensuing confusion, Prefontaine completed the final lap and won in 13:57.6.

After the race Ifter, looking even more worried than ever, said he never saw the lap cards, that he could not understand shouts from the sidelines and that he was accustomed to hearing bells, not a gun, signal the final lap. A teammate informed the press that Ifter was "bitter" about the whole affair.

To Prefontaine it was simply confusing. "I really didn't understand it until he put up his arms," Prefontaine said. "It came as much as a shock to me as it did to him. I was looking forward to that last lap. He sprinted for about 100 yards down the backstretch, but then he was already starting to come back to me and I hadn't even begun my kick. Still, I don't like to win that way. Nobody likes tainted victories. I'd just as soon run it again."

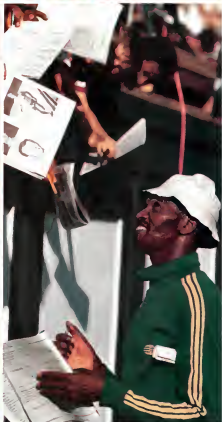
After the race, Jean Claude Ganga, the African team manager, reprimanded the interpreter who had been brought to the meet to count laps for Ifter but had failed to take his post at trackside. Ganga said of Ifter's error, "In some countries it's a gong, gong, in others it's a bing, bing, bong. Here it's a boom. He did not know this."

Ifter's confusion immediately won the crowd's sympathy, and meet officials awarded the Ethiopian a winner's watch

*(continued)*

*Sprinting ahead of Prefontaine in the 5,000 meters, Ifter romps away to a hard-earned victory—but something got lost in translation.*





for his efforts. They might not have been so generous with the jewelry if they had known what he would do the next day in the 10,000 against Frank Shorter. For this longer race, after changing his style. Through virtually all of the first 24 laps he remained a step behind Shorter, never passing the American when he slowed, yet remaining on Shorter's heels whenever he stepped up the tempo to try to build a lead. With an interpreter and a bell at trackside, along with the usual lap cards and gun, Ifter made no mistakes in this race. At the start of the final lap he sprinted away from Shorter, opening a 20-yard lead in the backstretch. Shorter, who felt overraced after an active spring and reluctantly agreed to appear in Durham only the day before the meet began, started his kick in the final turn and pulled even with Ifter at the top of the homestretch. But he got no farther. Despite the 91' head, the African found the drive for another sprint and dashed away to a 10-yard victory in 28:53.1.

Now it was the Americans' turn for annoyance. Shorter was displeased at having had to set the pace for the entire race, a grueling role over the nearly 25 laps of the 10,000 meters. "It's not a code of behavior, nothing like that," explained steeplechaser Mike Manley. "It's just a feeling distance runners have among themselves that a man who does not want to lead the whole way shouldn't be made by his opponents to keep the lead. Things like this can cause bad feelings."

Shorter, who ended up with his slowest time of the year, felt he had been ill-prepared. "That's the last time that will happen," he said. "You need two weeks to get ready for something like this, instead of doing a full 20-mile workout as I did on Thursday, then coming out and hoping to hang on. I guess it was just delusions of grandeur. I thought I was strong enough to do it."

It was a similar fragile grandeur that Ebenezer Moses Debrah, the ambassador from Ghana, sought when he predicted that Africa would win most of the events. "The greatest athletes in your country are from Africa," he warned North Carolina Governor Bob Scott at the airport before a lavish reception at

the Governor's Mansion in Raleigh. "And, Africa can't lose against itself. Since you're from cigarette country, maybe you'd better switch than fight."

America's black athletes and the predominantly black crowd at Duke came near to agreeing with him. Each African victory was heartily cheered, and students from Malcolm X Liberation University in Greensboro, N.C. held up signs in French, Swahili and English which read, "Welcome to our brothers and sisters," and "We are the people of Africa." After each event the drummers stopped their pounding long enough to recompute their special black, red and green scoreboard that listed the totals under the headings Africa and White. Their final tally read 185-83.

"It feels good, man, to finally be running in this meet after all those political meets against the Germans, Russians and French," said John Smith, who flew back from Europe to win the 400 meters in 45.7, the 200 in 20.7, and help the U.S. mile relay team to a 3:03.5 victory. "Instead of just having the Africans grouped on something called the world team in meets with Russian and American teams, it's good to be running only against them."

"You're not really running against them," interrupted retired long jumper Ralph Boston. "It's more like running with them."

It was a similar sense of something special that inspired Leroy Walker to bring the Pan-Africa-U.S.A. meet to North Carolina. Walker, who has been shuttling to Africa since 1960 to coach national teams, run clinics for the State Department and formulate development plans for the Peace Corps, first mentioned the possibility of such an affair four years ago. But it was not until he and AAU track and field director Olfan Cassell met in an Oslo sauna bath last summer that the decision to go ahead with the meet was made. "For a long time after that I thought the heat had got to us," Walker says.

To add to the impression that he had gone mad, Walker managed to convince the AAU to hold the meet in Durham, this despite bids from New York, Philadelphia, Detroit and Oakland. The largest previous track crowd in North Carolina had been 2,000. But with the help of some local money, including a \$10,000 grant from the city of Durham, Walker put together an event that was success-

ful far beyond the dreams of even his heated-up imagination. "Four or five years ago—maybe half a dozen years ago, I don't want to sell anybody short—this meet could not have been held in Carolina," he says. "We couldn't have gotten a meeting of the minds to do it." Last week, most of Durham's citizenry seemed intent on using the meet as evidence of general civic togetherness. And all things considered, it was pretty impressive evidence.

Still there were loud voices saying that 10 African track meets cannot cure the problems lingering in Durham—and most cities. Black leader Howard Fuller greeted the visiting ambassadors by calling on them to tour the seamer side of Durham. Some Durham citizens did take a few of the African athletes into the ghettos for a brief visit, a tour that must have changed some African preconceptions about the lavish American way of life. Ivory Crockett, who was second in the 100 meters to Jim Green, said that when the African athletes go home and tell what they saw, "No one will believe them. They will be surprised to hear that we aren't all living in brick houses and have nice cars." And the Duke student newspaper editorialized, "While the Duke athletic department glories in the international track meet, what about the rest of Duke? Just because there are black athletes from Africa and from America competing in Wade Stadium does not mean that Duke is any less exploitative or discriminatory in its everyday policies toward black workers and black students."

But Leroy Walker appreciated the real meaning of his meet; that the mere fact it took place in Durham indicated massive changes, but not so much change that tickets could be priced too high. "We are charging only \$1.50 and \$2.50 to go to the meet," he said one day last week. "That's cheaper than some high school basketball games around here. I didn't want anyone who wanted to see this meet to say, 'I'd like to go, but I can't afford it.' Two \$5 tickets, which is the price at most stadiums, would be too much. It's equal to a lot of people's grocery bill for the week."

Saturday's crowd of 34,000 was the largest for a track meet in the U.S. this year, and it was made up largely of the people Walker hoped his low prices would attract, including a few proud drummers.

END

*Urged on by the predominantly black crowd, smiling Kip Keino ran the 1,500 meters in a time 3:37.5 and then mixed happily with fans.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB LITTE

# HE HAS HEAVY THINGS ON HIS MIND

*Monday's fight with Jimmy Ellis barely interests him. Only in the gym, before an audience, does he seem like the old Ali* by **TEX MAULE**

It is like watching a late late movie on television. The image is a little blurred and the action has slowed down and only once in a while, in a stretch that has not been flawed, do you see the clear, exciting image you remember from the years gone by.

Maybe it is more like watching a ballplayer in an Oldtimers game, the first year after he has retired. Most of the physical skills are still there, but his life has changed and he has other things on his mind. Once he gets back into the swing of it, he looks almost the way he did as a star.

Muhammad Ali (see cover), a bit trimmer than he was on the night Joe Frazier knocked him down and took undisputed claim to the heavyweight championship of the world, is almost indistinguishable from the young Cassius Clay who beat Sonny Liston in Miami Beach. He is bigger and stronger but, when he wants to, he moves with the same ineffable grace and speed and the left hand still flicks like a snake's tongue. But in the quiet of his hotel room, he is a different man.

In the old days he was always on stage. In his hotel before the first Liston fight he was never still. He was on his feet, dancing, watching himself in the mirror, talking about what he would do to Liston, appreciating the appreciation of his audience, even if the audience was only one man.

In his room last week in Houston he lay quietly on his bed going over a thick sheaf of cards upon which he had made notes for a lecture that he calls *The Intoxication of Life*. He did not really care much about the fight coming up with Jimmy Ellis, who was his sparring partner for most of the big fights of his career.

"This is very heavy stuff," he said, waving the cards. "Very heavy. But it ain't as heavy as another lecture I do called *The Inner Man*." He tapped himself on the chest.

"*The Inner Man*," he said.

When he was younger, his face, even in repose, was alight with mischief. Now it is rather somber, the planes wider and beginning to grow heavier with age. It is only when he is in the gymnasium, working out and reacting to a crowd, that flashes of the old lively Ali show.

He went across the street to the Astrodome, next to the Astrodonne, to work out early in the afternoon. Jimmy Ellis was finishing and Ali sat in the crowd, watching. Once the spectators realized he was there, he was surrounded and he began to respond to the attention like an old trouper.

He crouched behind the row of people in front of him, pretending to hide, glaring at Ellis with a menacing look. Ellis saw him and grinned but said nothing, and Ali sat up again. Now youngsters were approaching him for autographs.

The crowd around him grew and his face began to lighten and he said, "That Ellis is ugly. He so ugly he ought to donate his face to the National Wildlife Bureau." He waited for the laughter to die down with all the sense of timing of an old vaudevillian.

When it had stopped he said, "Me, I'm so pretty they ought to declare my face a national resource."

That morning, lying in bed, he had said, "I don't have to go through the act anymore. Different things intoxicate you different times in your life. You get intoxicated by the wine of success and you want more and more success. You get intoxicated by different things in ev-



ery stage of life. The child is intoxicated by a toy, the man by a car. All of life is intoxication."

He had begun by speaking quietly, almost inaudibly, but as he went on, his voice grew louder, until finally he was orating.

"What gives you satisfaction and pride one time, the next time may humiliate you," he said. "When you think about it, you say to yourself, 'Why was I such a fool?' You think you must do this thing or that thing, then you find yourself on another road, doing something else. You just floating on the sea of life, the ocean of activity."

He was asked how he felt about the Supreme Court decision that vindicated his position on the draft.

"Blank," he said. "Blank. It's like a man been in chains all his life and suddenly the chains taken off. He don't realize he's free until he get the circulation back in his arms and legs and start to move his fingers. Then all at once he knows the chains gone and he can move about freely again. I don't really think I'm going to know how that feel until I



When Joe Frazier turned up, Ali went into his Nunsboy act, clowning and orating. But in private he says, "It's not the same anymore."

start to travel, go to foreign countries, see those strange people in the street, then I'm gonna know I'm free. But it ain't meant that much to me yet."

His face was still solemn and thoughtful. He is no longer a laughing man in the privacy of his room.

Later, watching Ellis, with more and more of the crowd giving its attention to him, he was different. Ellis finished his workout and Ali said, "Nine rounds. That's all he did. Now I'm gonna do ten."

Ellis left the ring and walked down the aisle near where Ali was sitting and Ali crouched down behind the seats again. Ellis passed, studiously ignoring him, then whirled and pointed at him and yelled "You!" and Ali grinned.

"Don't jump now," Ellis said. "You better jump when you get in the ring."

"You in trouble," Ali said. "Without no endurance, come July 26, you better up your insurance." He listened to the laughter of the crowd with pleasure, then went to dress for his own workout.

In the morning there had been no signs of lightheartedness.

"You only live in the present," he had said. "The past is a dream and the future is a mist. The great moments pass away. What amuses man is to be puzzled, not to know the outcome of a boxing match or a baseball game. A man is never satisfied. First they had to make a car, then that wasn't enough, so they made an airplane and that wasn't enough, so they had to land on the moon."

In the old days he used to indulge his imagination on flights like this, surreptitiously eyeing his audience to see if they were buying his put-on. Now he was perfectly serious.

Someone asked him about the fight, if he took Ellis seriously, and he frowned. He did not want to talk about the fight.

"It's not the same anymore," he said. "Used to be, before the Liston fights, all I thought about was fight, fight, fight, be the greatest, be the champion. Now it's like I go to work, put in eight hours a day, do my job. I got other things on my mind, heavy things."

In the afternoon, in public, he wore the mask of the old Ali. When he got in the ring, with a crowd of some 200 watching

him, he leaned on the ropes for a few minutes, looking at the people, sweating from 10 rounds on the light and heavy bags. He seemed fit, but there was still a smudge of fat blurring the outlines of the heavy muscles in his upper body.

Angelo Dundee, who has trained Ellis and Ali in almost all of their fights, is training Ellis for this one, since he is both manager and trainer for Ellis and he was only trainer for Ali. Dundee was standing in the back of the auditorium and Ali waved at him.

"Angelo Dundee?" he said. "People ask me do I miss Angelo Dundee? All he got is the connection and the complexion. Now I got a trainer took Sugar Ray Robinson as a barefoot little boy in Harlem, made him into almost as great a champion as me. Only reason he ain't got the reputation is because he colored."

His trainer for this fight is Harry Wiley, a small and phlegmatic black man who did, indeed, train Sugar Ray for 23 years, and was cornerman for Kid Chocolate and Henry Armstrong.

"He taught me some new tricks," Ali

*continued*

yelled to Angelo, "Seven left" hooks in a row! Berrrrrrp!" He made a sound like a machine gun and laughed with the crowd. Now he was warming up, the crowd with him, beginning to dance around the ring, once doing the Ali shuffle.

"This year going to make my whole life," he had said in the morning, very seriously. "What I want to do is buy a 150-unit housing development in Atlanta, Georgia, and I got other things on my mind I want to do. I got other lectures I want to write."

"He looks like he's in pretty good shape," Angelo said, watching him work with one of the two burly sparring partners he has with him, both of whom are more of the style of Joe Frazier than of Jimmy Ellis. "But he was in good shape for Frazier, too. His problem is he isn't concentrating on fighting anymore. The day of the Frazier fight some movie people came to me and said they wanted to shoot some pictures of him for a movie he's doing and I said 'Hell, no!' and the minute I turned my back he's doing the movie bit. On the day of the fight!"

In the ring Ali was fighting flat-footed, not trying to punish his sparring partner. He has never been vicious in the

gymnasium; on this hot, humid afternoon he contented himself with producing an occasional flurry of lovely, quick combinations near the end of each round. When he does that, the old Ali is there again, the big arms moving with precise, flickering speed, the jabs snapping back the head of the other man.

Ellis, watching from the back of the hall, shook his head.

"Float like a butterfly?" he said. "He float like a elephant. After this fight they gonna be a new saying about him. Buzz like a buzz saw, fall like a tree!"

For Ellis, this is by far the biggest fight of his life; he has looked forward to meeting Ali for years.

"I don't care if I never win another fight as long as I live—if I win this one," he said. He is not as impressive, physically, as Ali, but there is no hint of fat on him and his body is strong and graceful. "I lived in the shadow of Ali too long," he said. "All those years when I was his sparring partner, he's fighting and beating men I knew I could beat. I guess I been in the ring with him way over a thousand rounds and he never knocked me down and I knocked him down twice. I know everything he do and he ain't gonna change. Nobody gonna teach him any new tricks, no matter what he say. I know how he cover up, I know how he lean back to get his chin out of the way, and when he lean back that way he got his stomach sticking out."

Ellis leaned back, tucking in his chin and sticking out his stomach.

"One time I knocked him down with a left hook," he said. "Everybody talk about how hard I hit with the right, but I hit just as hard with the left. Then the other time I took a step to the left to get away from his jab and I came right down the pipe with the right hand and down he go. People say he got the reach on me but I can lay it on him, reach or no reach. It ain't the reach, it's what you do with it."

He watched Ali, now sparring his last round of the afternoon, up on his toes, moving around with the old dancer's skill. It was the first time he had done that.

"They talk about how he dances," Ellis said. "He don't dance no more. He fights flat-footed, just like everybody else. Jimmy Ellis, he can dance for 12 rounds, but not Ali. Look at him."

Ali looked very good at the moment,

moving around the ring quickly, darting in and out, hitting accurately and hard.

"Somebody ask me do I hate him, is this a grudge fight," Ellis said. "We professionals. I don't hate him, he don't hate me. But he's in my way and I got to get him out of the way to get the championship and that's what I'm gonna do next week."

Maybe he will. The fight for him is an obsession, the culmination of years of frustration, and he is superbly prepared for it. Despite what Ali says, he misses Dundee and the men who work with Dundee. And this fight is no earth-shaking matter for him.

When the 20-round afternoon was over, Ali talked for a while to writers in his dressing room, then showered and returned to the Astroworld motel. He went into the coffee shop and sat down and drank a ginger ale, looking tired and serious. The act was over.

"Youth," he said. (He is 29.) "Youth is the time of blossoming, the fullness of energy. It's the time of errors and faults and the time when you can run four, five miles and never be tired. You're full of the intoxication of youth."

He crossed his arms on the table top and put his head down on them and talked very softly.

"I'm very tired now," he said. "I think I'll take tomorrow off and just rest. Used to be, I'd get up at six o'clock in the morning, run six miles, come back to my room and lie down and rest a few minutes, then go down in the lobby and mix with the people, then go work out in the gym and rest a little more and then I'd be out on the streets, talking with everybody and walking around and go to bed maybe eleven o'clock at night."

He sat up and drank thirstily.

"Now all I do is soak up rest," he said. "Run, then go to my room and just rest. Now I'm gonna go to my room and rest until dinner, then go right back to my room and go to sleep. I got more age on me. It takes away the things you can do."

He got up and stretched.

"Besides," he said, "I got to do more work on *The Intoxication of Life*. That is very heavy."

He walked away, a heavier man and obviously an older one than Cassius Clay. Every man ages, but not many mature the way he has.



For Ellis, defeating Ali is an obsession.

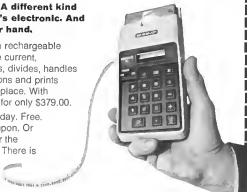


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# What Hath Roth Got?



A question that troubled his parents when Arnold Roth was growing up has been answered in Roth's mature years by drawings like the ones on these pages. His view of harness horses, as of all things, is distinctively his own. When Trainer Delvin Miller gave Roth a jog-cart ride behind an amiable nag, he was sure that the artist had never before seen such an animal. But Miller was wrong. "I got to know a lot of horses when I was a boy in Philadelphia," Roth says, "and they were harnessed—to milk wagons, bread wagons, ice wagons. . . . In fact, I learned plenty from being around harness horses. Mostly I learned to watch where I walk. But they do give us excitement on the track and attract many sparrows to their barns." Proceed, dear reader, while watching your step.

---

*In scenes Roth describes as being taken from real life, he portrays a horseshoeing parlor and a walking ring in Florida after a chilly morning workout. Roth defuses real life as a "magnocasm of sport," but also says, comfortingly, that it "cannot be trusted."*



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## A DECADE OF REVENGE

by GEORGE BLANDA with JACK OLSEN

The senior citizen of the AFL looks back upon a tumultuous 10 years in which he showed—in order—the Bears, the Oilers, the Raiders and the whole world that he wasn't dead yet

In the year of my involuntary retirement from the Chicago Bears, the year when I was 32 years old and washed up, a great thing happened to pro football. The American Football League was formed. I can still hear the laughter. The entrenched owners and their toadies in the National Football League sat back and almost split their sides. Or pretended to. But after the AFL won two Super Bowls and in general proved its equality and often its superiority, some of the laughter died down. I don't hear those choice descriptions of the AFL anymore. Phrases like "the humpies" or "the Mickey Mouse league."

Let me tell you something: the AFL was *never* a Mickey Mouse league. I went straight to Houston that first AFL season—1960—and I've played every year in the AFL since (now it's all the National Football League, but I still think of myself as an AFL player and I always will). I've had a front-row seat from game one right up to last season's Super Bowl, and I only regret that we didn't have a Super Bowl from the very first. But the NFL guys ducked us. And they were wise. We'd have held our own, more than held our own.

You'll have to excuse me for getting a little hot under the collar, but those of us who were charter players in the AFL had to take all kinds of guff from the propagandists of the older league, and it got a little tiresome. Even some of my own brothers used to put the AFL down. They'd say to me, "Yeah, George, you're having some great years down there at Houston. Too bad it's not in the real league."

*continued*





It seems funny, now that I look back on it, but the only reason I got to Houston was a lost kicking tee. Otherwise, I might have gone to San Diego. When the AFL was formed, I knew I was going to catch on somewhere, but I didn't know where and I didn't particularly care. I just wanted to play football, to prove to George Halas and the Chicago Bears that I had a lot of good years left. A phone call came from Sid Gillman, the newly appointed head coach of the Los Angeles Chargers (they became the San Diego Chargers the next year), and he said he wanted me to be his No. 1 quarterback. The offer was inviting. But I remembered a time a few years earlier when the Bears played Gillman's Los Angeles Rams, and somehow we misplaced our kicking tee. I hollered over to the Ram bench, "Could we borrow your kicking tee?" The Rams were losing, and they were all in a bad mood, and Sid Gillman hollered back, "Go to hell." Right then and there I said to myself that I would never have anything to do with Gillman. And now he was on the phone all sweet and nice and telling me to come out to Los Angeles and have an expense-paid weekend on him while we talked things over. "Forget it, Sid!" I said. "I'll never play for you."

But when the Houston team telephoned, that was another story. First off, I knew that Texas millionaire Bud Adams was the bankroller, and therefore I knew no one on the club would ever go hungry. I also knew that Houston had accumulated some real talent. The best college football player in the country in 1959 was Billy Cannon of LSU, the Heisman Trophy winner, and Houston had landed him with a huge bonus offer. They also had fine players like Charley Tolar, Charley Hennigan, Bob Talamini and Jerry Hellun, and a coaching staff that included the old Cleveland Brown star, Lou Rymkus. All in all, Houston looked like a good bet. So I signed—a two-year, no-cut, non-release, no-trade contract—at double my 1958 salary on the Bears. Somebody wrote that I was the fourth-highest-paid quarterback in pro football behind Norm Van Brocklin, Bobby Layne and John Unitas.

From our very first practice I realized something. Almost every player on the Oilers had been cut from one NFL team or another, and they were burning. Seething! They were out to prove

something and they would pounce their grandmothers to prove it. Even in a scrimmage you had to protect yourself. In the best years of my instructional league, the NFL, I'd never seen hitting like that. Why, we played one early game where I thought we'd fill every hospital bed in town. By memory serves, 15 players were carried off the field, six of them knocked cold.

We played our first exhibition game against Dallas at Tulsa, and if I ever had any doubts about the quality of AFL football, I lost them quickly. Dallas was owned by Lamar Hunt, another one of those Texans who could have bought the whole NFL out of petty cash, and it had players like Cotton Davidson, Mel Branch, Sherrill Headrick and Johnny Robinson. Those guys hit! I found out that 280 pounds of AFL tackle feels just like 280 pounds of NFL tackle. One time I was lying there under about a ton of Dallas players, and for some reason a quote from George Halas popped into my head. "The AFL's caliber must be low," Halas had said. "Even Blanda can make a team."

We lost that opening exhibition game 27-10 before a howling mob of about 800 fans, but we didn't care. We were all so happy to be playing professional football, and we knew our team would jell. After the game Lamar Hunt himself came into our dressing room to shake my hand, and I said, "I'm honored, Mr. Hunt, but what made you want to meet me?"

"Oh," he said, "I just wanted to see how somebody so old could play football." Eleven years have passed, and Mr. Hunt still likes to rag me about my age. Last season he gave me an award at a football dinner, and then he told the crowd about a friend of his who watched me play and commented, "Why, this George Blanda is as good as his father who used to play for Houston."

We won the league that first year with the wildest offense you've ever seen. Our passing attack was equal to anything in the NFL. When we sent Billy Cannon out of the backfield and players like Charley Hennigan and Bill Groman and Johnny Carson out of their end positions, there wasn't any team that could cover us. Throwing to those guys was like beating up a baby. I remember a grudge game against Los Angeles where I threw the ball 55 times and completed 31 for 366 yards and three touchdowns,

and Jackie Kemp, the Charger quarterback, hit 18 of 37 for 296 yards and two touchdowns. Those were exciting games, not the slow, stodgy NFL style at all, but naturally the NFL writers didn't credit our offenses for the exciting football, they simply discredited our defenses.

In that first year at Houston I really enjoyed watching the progress of the great Chicago Bears, the team that had retired me at age 32. One week the Bears lost 41-13 to Green Bay and the following week they lost 42-0 to Cleveland. On the day of that Cleveland debacle our Houston team beat Buffalo 31-23 to nail down the AFL Eastern championship. Afterward I told reporters, "That was the first part of the reason I came back to football—to show the Bears. We can make it complete by beating Los Angeles in the championship." We beat the Chargers 24-16, and you'll have to excuse me if I gloat a little bit; remember, I'd been up at Chicago dying of frustration for 10 years of my life. I threw three touchdown passes in that championship game and kicked a field goal to account for all our scoring, and even my old enemy Sid Gillman admitted afterward, "Blanda was the difference."

The Bears had one of their worst seasons. They finished with a 36-0 loss to Detroit and in their last three games they lost by a total score of 119-13. I felt redeemed. The record now showed that I wasn't the culprit, that Chicago could lose big without me, and another team could win big with me.

Houston won the championship again in 1961, and I was named Player of the Year, but in 1962 we lost the title game to Dallas and things seemed to go downhill for me at Houston after that. For one thing, we had five head coaches in five years, and that's not conducive to good football. For another, they kept trying to appease the local folks by playing a Texan at quarterback, alternating the job with me, and that multiple-quarterback system doesn't work. For a year or two we were a very sloppy football team, torn and divided. We reached the point where we didn't even bother to draw up a game plan. Can you imagine a pro football team going into big games without a game plan? I remember once when we'd looked bad on the field and the general manager, Carroll Martin, called us all in for a team meeting.

*continued*



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"Men," he said, "we've lost three straight games and we're going bad and we've got to levy some fines. Some of you people did things out there that weren't in the game plan, and we've just got to discipline you." He announced that he was going to fine Jim Norton \$250 for faking a punt and trying to run the ball, and he fined John Bakcr \$200 for doing something else wrong.

I was the oldest man on the squad, as always, and I got up. I said, "You can't fine these men for not following the game plan."

"Why not?" Martin asked.

"Because we don't have a game plan," I said. "We haven't had a game plan all year."

He looked stunned. He said, "All right, you and Ed Husmann stick around and we'll talk about it."

After the meeting Martin said, "Blanda, what kind of a remark was that? We have game plans. Don't we, Ed?"

"Nope," said Ed, who was one of our tackles. "Haven't had one since the opening game."

"Well, what do you do to prepare for each game?"

"We don't do a thing," I said. "We just go out on the field and do whatever we want to do."

"You're kidding!"

"No, he's not," Husmann said. "How can we have a game plan when we don't even have a play book?"

By the 1965 season things had become really bad in Houston. The fans were on us, and so was the press, and one reinforced the other. I seemed to be the primary culprit in the public mind, a familiar rôle. I'd pick up the paper and I'd read where one of our coaches said, "Blanda refuses to grow old gracefully." Old? I was only 38. That's not old. That's the prime of life.

Early in the 1966 season a columnist in the *Houston Chronicle* made me really think about retirement when he wrote: "In a poll to select the most unpopular man in town, the odds are overwhelming that George Blanda would be very much in the running." I had a sore arm, I was throwing lousy and I was disgusted. Once I had been introduced by the P.A. announcer as "the greatest living Texan." Now I was getting booed so loud I could hardly bear to run out on the field. They actually threw Sno-cones at me!

In March 1967 I was put on waivers

by the Oilers and got a flowery kiss of death. The team announced, "Blanda has been one of the truly outstanding quarterbacks and placekickers in pro football history. It was largely because of Blanda's great play and leadership that the Oilers dominated the AFL in its infancy. . . . He is without a doubt one of the all-time great strategists ever to play the game."

Well, the highest praise is always reserved for the obituary page, right? This was the end, the last-act curtain for the old crock, right? I was 39, out on the street holding my helmet in my hand. "In many respects George Blanda was a stranger in Houston," the *Chronicle* reported, "a man who dropped in out of the sky every summer, was either a great football player or a terrible bum, and then departed in the winter. No one knew him well personally. The city didn't understand him and he didn't understand the city. . . . For seven long years the man and the city cursed each other, kissed each other and missed each other."

So long, Houston. Hello Oakland.

By this time everybody who follows pro football has heard about the old man's big season last year—maybe the most enjoyable, the most rewarding season that any 43-year-old quarterback ever had. But what people don't remember is how that 1970 season began. Oh, it was some kind of enjoyable, rewarding beginning all right. I got waived out of the league. I was through, finished, *déjà*. Lucky for me I had a good off-season job with REA Express, so we wouldn't starve. That's what I told my wife Betty, through my tears.

I had been traded to the Oakland Raiders in 1967 for an "unnamed player"—how do you like that for ignominy?—and from the beginning I clicked with the Oakland approach. Every team has one person it models itself on, and Oakland's prototype was Managing General Partner Al Davis, who used to be AFL commissioner and before that the coach of the Raiders. Al Davis is an abrasive guy who would be the first to admit that not everybody in football is madly in love with him. He and I started right off with a big loud salary hassle, but when it was settled we found that we still respected each other. The big thing about Al Davis is that he's a man of

his word—if he tells you something, that's it.

Another thing I liked was the Oakland style. Other teams tend to glamorize certain individuals in order to build up the box office, but at Oakland everything was team. That's all you ever heard: team, working together, doing our thing as a unit. There were no individuals, no prima donnas. The Oakland players accepted me, gray hairs and all, right from the outset. I'd played against them when I was at Houston, and we'd had quite a few years to build up a mutual respect. Old pros like Dan Birdwell, Ben Davidson, Ike Lassiter, Tom Keating—they seemed to like my style. I liked the way they played and I liked the way the coaches coached.

Right from the beginning of that 1967 season we won everything. I played seldom, mostly because our first-string quarterback, Daryle Lamonica, stayed in good health, but there was no question that I had a firm lock on the jobs of No. 2 quarterback and No. 1 kicker, and that was good enough for me. And when it got to be late in the season, lo and behold, who do you think we had to beat to lock up the Western Division championship? None other than Houston, the team that had bereft me in favor of a young Texas quarterback with peach fuzz on his chin. To make the encounter even more memorable, we played them in Houston, where all those wonderful Oiler fans had enjoyed years of hating my guts.

When I went out to try a field goal early in that game, I got the ovation of my life. There were 36,375 fans at Rice Stadium, and 36,375 mouths were wide open—booing. The stands looked like a huge bird nest, with thousands of baby birds waiting for their mamas. Everybody was booing except the officials, and I'm not even sure about them. You couldn't hear the snap signal, you couldn't hear anything. In the huddle Daryle shouted, "They really love you here, don't they?"

We set up for a field goal of about 45 yards, and I missed it. That brought on another thunderous ovation. I said to myself, "You dumdums, you just wait!"

A little bit later we lined up for a much shorter field goal, and one of our guys said, "Come on, George, let's show 'em. These people are a bunch of jerk bushers!" This time I made the kick

*continued*

good, and you could have heard a Snocone drop in the stands, they were all so disappointed.

We wound up winning 19-7, and I personally accounted for 13 of our points on four field goals and an extra point. Man, it felt good! I got the game ball, I was named AFL Player of the Week and I felt as though I'd been an Oakland Raider for 20 years.

It was poetic justice that we had to come right back and play Houston in the championship game. This time we won even easier, 40-7, and I kicked four field goals again. I don't like to stress individual performances because in pro football there's really no such thing as an individual performance, but it did please me that in both those key games against Houston I scored more points than the whole Houston team.

That was the season Green Bay beat us 33-14 in the Super Bowl. They were ahead 13-7 just before the half, and then we fumbled a punt and you don't fumble punts against the Green Bay Packers. They had a few seconds left before the half and Don Chandler kicked a field goal that hit the crossbar and bounced in. This meant we had to start the second half on the short end of a 16-7 score. Well, nobody did much catching up against the Packers that year, and the score got pretty high when we gambled, but it was a closer game than most people thought. Anyway, we didn't figure we lost to the NFL; we figured we lost to the Packers, as who didn't? They were the finest football team of their era, and if we'd played anybody else in the NFL things might have been different.

In the '68 season I didn't play much, except for kicking, but I did have a brief moment of glory at Denver when Daryle pulled up lame and I had to start the game. I threw four touchdown passes, including the longest one in Raider history, 94 yards to Warren Wells, and we won 43-7. Even at Denver's high altitude I didn't get tired till near the very end of the game. Then I went to the bench, pointed to our No. 3 quarterback, 36-year-old Cotton Davidson, and said, "O.K., you can put the kid in now." The score was 40-7 at that point. After the game our coach, Johnny Rauch, handed me the game ball and told a reporter, "I'm surprised at George's durability. He's as old as I am, and I couldn't do it." Funny thing, Johnny and I had

been opposing quarterbacks at Kentucky and Georgia. I guess John just didn't have staying power. As for the Denver coach, Lou Saban, he was hopping mad. He told the press, "That old man ought to retire and get the hell out of our hair!" Retire? At 41? Why, that would be a waste of manpower!

I'll never forget the 1969 season, but I wish I could, for it was highlighted by an incident that almost ended my career prematurely. I shot off my mouth to a close personal friend, and a newspaper reporter not only overheard what I said but tape-recorded it, printed it and added a few misquotes and wild interpretations of his own. What happened was this:

We were playing Kansas City for the league championship and Daryle had injured his passing hand on Aaron Brown's helmet, so I went into the game. A few plays later here comes Daryle running back on the field to finish the game, injured hand and all. It was a case of too much courage, I guess. He couldn't throw well with the bad hand and we wound up losing 17-7. Naturally, we were all upset and nobody was more upset than Daryle.

I left the locker room with two teammates, Harry Schuh and Pete Binaszak, and a business associate, Tom Kole, president of REA Express. As we waited for the elevator Tom said, "What a shame to lose like that."

"We didn't do anything right in the last quarter," I said, "and we had a few bad breaks."

I noticed a newspaper reporter standing there, but I paid him no mind. We started talking about the game plan, and I said it might have been a little too lengthy. The reporter piped up, "Do you really mean that?"

"Not for publication!" I said. "Get lost! I'm talking to my friends."

The reporter said, "Well, do you think you could have moved the club if you were in there?"

I said, "Yes, I think I could have moved the club. What do you think I am, an idiot? Did you ever know a quarterback who didn't think he could move the club?"

Mind you, all of this was not for publication, and I'd said so. Then I noticed the tape recorder hanging from the guy's shoulder, and I said, "Have you got that thing going, because if you do I'm gonna tear it off your head."

The guy said the tape recorder was off.

The next day all the papers had me quoted as criticizing Daryle. As if that wasn't bad enough, *Late*, with its 8½ million circulation, came out a little later and quoted me as saying, "Daryle was hurt. He should have never come back in there. I might have moved the club." The various stories in the papers also quoted me as being critical of the game plan.

Al Davis sent for me. It was like being called into the principal's office. "Did you say these things?" he asked.

"Some of them I did and some of them I didn't," I said.

"It sure sounds like you," Al said.

"Well, it might sound like me, but a lot of it was exaggerated, and a lot of it was taken out of context."

"Well, you better make up your mind what you want to say about it. People are gonna ask you whether you said these things. Either deny it or admit it, but keep your story straight."

My phone rang for three days. I simply told everybody that the story was a mixture of truth, half-truth, untruth and bull, all off the record, and refused to discuss it any further. That didn't keep me from being nominated for "Bigmouth of the Year" in a certain Oakland newspaper, and criticized sharply in others.

That was a low point in my career. It seemed like everybody was annoyed with me. The front office wouldn't give me the time of day, and one of my own kids said, "Dad, how could you say a thing like that?" The only person who wasn't sore was Daryle. Right after the quotes appeared, Tom Kole called Daryle long-distance and told him exactly what had happened, and Daryle told Tom, "Look, I understand. I feel just as bad as George, and I've got no grudge with him at all. We just blew the ball game, that's all."

But the whole business started me thinking, and Betty and I talked things over. I was 42 years old, and I'd played pro ball for 20 years, and I held some records and had nothing to be ashamed of. Maybe the time had come to quit. "There's just too many things going wrong, Betty," I said. "What's the use? I think I'll hang 'em up." Betty had been wanting me to retire ever since I sat out the 1959 season, and she just stood there and gave me a one-woman round of applause.

I brooded around the house for a few

weeks, and I talked it over with old friends like Tom Kole and Ed Sprinkle, and Tom told me something that stuck with me. "Look," he said, "retire if you want to. You've always got a full-time job with REA. But don't quit with your tail between your legs. Remember, George, you didn't do anything wrong. You know it and I know it. So don't leave football just because of the way others are treating you. Don't let that stupid incident stampede you out of the game."

Through the off season I worked hard to keep in shape, and when it came time to report, I reported. If they didn't like me, they could throw me off the team.

Now Kenny (The Snake) Stabler, the young quarterback from Alabama, was with the Raiders, and I knew Kenny had a lot of talent. Al Davis and John Madden told me that all was forgiven, but I noticed that The Snake was getting in ahead of me. He played maybe six quarters of the first two exhibition games and he looked great. I sat there on the bench and tried to figure things out. In an exhibition game against San Francisco they sent me in with 30 seconds to play to run out the clock, and after that game I sat in front of my locker and I said to myself, "Maybe this is the end of the line."

The last preseason game was against Pittsburgh at Oakland, and I was really jittery. I was watching TV in my motel room at around 10:30 a few nights before the game when somebody knocked on my door and told me Al Davis wanted to see me. I thought, "Jeez, this is it." My 43rd birthday was a week away, and I figured I was the only living human who believed a 43-year-old could back it in pro football. Now I must be through. Why else would Al Davis send for me in the middle of the night?

"George," he said, "we've put you on waivers." One thing about Al, he doesn't mince words. He speaks simple, straightforward English as she was intended to be spoken.

"Oh, you did?" I said, the brilliant response of the year.

"Yeah, we did." He paused. "And you passed," he added.

That was the biggest blow of all. Nobody had picked me up. Twenty-five teams had a chance to get old George Blanda dirt cheap, and 25 teams had thumbed their noses at him. I was floored. I sat there and tried to figure it

out. I felt like I might even throw up right on Al's nice carpet. Buffalo couldn't use me? Boston couldn't use me? Denver? Dallas? Nobody even needed a good placekicker? I couldn't comprehend all those clubs passing me up.

All this time Al was talking away in a low, reassuring voice, like a priest escorting a man to the electric chair. He was explaining that things weren't what they seemed, that putting me on waivers was only a personnel maneuver, that they never intended to let me go, I was still on the team. "If anybody had picked you up," Al said, "we'd have yanked you right off the waiver list." It was all too complicated to understand. Only one thing stood out: I had been cast adrift and nobody had thrown me a rope. So I sat there saying to myself, "The heck with it. I quit."

Al said, "To show you that we mean business, George, you're gonna be right out there in uniform for the opening game. Take my word."

"Al," I said, "I think I'm gonna quit." He said, "You're crazy! You're our No. 2 quarterback. We need you, George."

"Yeah, sure," I said. "You need me. You need me to sit around on the taxi squad all year."

"You won't be on the cab squad."

"Maybe I will and maybe I won't, Al, but you've made it very clear what you think of me. You've made it very clear that you see me as an ancient quarterback on his last legs, and I'm not! But maybe it's too much trouble to convince you. I'm not gonna allow myself to get in the position of some quarterbacks I've seen: just sitting around doing nothing. I'd rather quit."

"George!" Al said. "Calm yourself! Go back to your room and think this through. Let me know how you feel in the morning."

"Al, I'm gonna get up in the morning and room service is gonna bring me a newspaper, and it's gonna be slapped all over that newspaper that the Oakland Raiders waived George Blanda and every team in pro football turned him down. Not a one of them thought I was worth anything. How do you think that's gonna make me feel? And you're telling me I'm supposed to go out on the practice field and face all my old friends as a guy that's been waived out of the league? Why, this is the worst thing that's ever happened to me!"

"George," he said, "you're gonna play for us this year."

"What assurance do I have?"

"No assurance except my word. What the heck—there's no assurance of anything in this life, George. You don't even know if you're gonna be alive tomorrow."

"I don't even know if I want to be alive tomorrow," I said and I walked out. I put through a telephone call to Betty back home in La Grange Park, Ill., and she sounded positively chipper when she heard the news. "Come on home," she said.

I said, "Well, Betty, I'm gonna wait and think it over tonight, and I'll let you know in the morning."

"O.K.," she said. "I'll expect you for dinner tomorrow night."

By five in the morning I had recovered from the initial shock, and I decided that my career wasn't over, my life wasn't ended. I called Betty and told her not to wait dinner that night.

A few days before our regular-season opener against Cincinnati, John Madden said to me, "O.K., George, you're our No. 2 quarterback." I appreciated that. I only wished I would prove worthy, but in the Cincinnati game I wasn't. We lost 31-21 and I blew my only chance at a field goal. The next week we had to face a tough San Diego team and, with the score tied at 27-27 and 28 seconds left, I lined up a 32-yard attempt. There was a terrific crosswind and I made a mental note to allow for it, but when the ball got into the air that wind blew it about 10 feet to one side and it missed the crossbar by inches. I'd made two field goals earlier, but so what? When the chance came to win the game, the old man had blown it. Nobody said much to me in the dressing room, and I didn't blame them. Later we read our reviews, and there it was in black type: "Blanda the kicker is probably fading away. He appears unsteady at field goal time, like Ben Hogan hanging over a putt." In my mind I could smell the lilies and hear the funeral march. They'd dug the hole six feet deep, they'd written the obituary, and all that was required was a gentle shove. But I just didn't feel like falling.

## NEXT WEEK

**GLORIOUS 1976:** "Three seconds left... score tied... Blanda kicks... it's good... I Unbelievable... The place has gone wild."

♦ The fellow with the puffed-out cheeks is retired Army bugler **Charles (Pat) Walker**, who assigned himself some time ago to tootle the Baltimore Orioles to triumph. Pat figured that the usual tape-recorded "cavalry charge" played in Memorial Stadium was not good enough, so he put together a "baseball bugle-ography" suitable for 22 different situations in the game. He even switches when necessary from Army bugle to flügelhorn, which produces high, clear tones for those high, clear bells pepped to short. His own personally designed uniform of dress blues with yellow stripes on the trousers, hush marks on the sleeves and campaign ribbons completes the picture. The only tune our intrepid bugler won't bugle is taps—not even if the team is dying out there.

Our *Viva la Difference* Award goes this week to the American Motorcycle Association for promptly suspending Grand National champion cyclist **Eugene Romero**, along with three others. The AMA says the four forged a doctor's signature on some routine medical forms required of professional racers. The guys would have gotten away with

it, too—had not a sharp-eyed official noticed that the physician whose name they had used was a specialist in obstetrics and gynecology.

Lost it get lost in the furtive shuffle of secret memos floating around, we boldly release this one from Representative **Silvio Conte** (R., Mass.) to freshman Congressmen he hoped to recruit for the annual Roll Call Congressional Baseball Game played last week in Washington: "If you can wag the ball a distance at least equal to the diagonal of your new desk; if you can run the 40 in 45 (minutes not seconds) and if you can stand the adulation that naturally is showered upon members of the Republican Congressional baseball team, then you are the type of barely-over-the-hill-athletistateman we need." Result: a 21-man squad turned out, including **Pete McKloskey**, **Barry Goldwater Jr.**, and **Bob Matlock**. Republicans beat the Democrats 7-3. Conte did not play. He had busted a couple of fingers in a practice session. Probably trying to wing a ball diagonally across his desk.

Scene: a nice afternoon in New York's Central Park. Suddenly, out of the sky, comes aerial photographer **Sean O'Reilly** on the end of a parachute. A policeman nabs him. "Don't you know there is an ordinance against parachuting within city limits?" thunders the law. Well, explains O'Reilly, "I fell out of a plane."

Forty-Niner Tackle **Charley Krueger** is still one of those old-fashioned, true-blue guys when it comes to girl friend **Kris Adler**. Not long ago (SI, Oct. 5, 1970) there was Charley, renting a tux and trailing Kris to the San Francisco Opera, which her father manages. And they're still together—just out of a hospital where Kris was sent to re-



cuprate from meningitis. You know how it is: Charley found himself spending so much time visiting his girl that he decided to go ahead with a long-delayed knee operation. "Since I was at the hospital anyhow," explained Krueger, Football, opera, formal wear and love lovers will be glad to hear that both patients are now recovered and were released last week, just in time for Charley to get ready for the exhibition season.

♦ Look, motor sports, it's old **Stirling Moss** on his bicycle. And why is Moss pedaling? Well, the 41-year-old racing notable was zinging along in his Volvo and strayed over the double white line. The Brits are big on staying within the lines, and Stirling was stung by an off-duty policeman. In court everyone, including the judge, told Moss what a great driver he is. Then they took away his license for six months. That was last April. "I'll apply for a foreign license," sulked Moss after losing an ap-

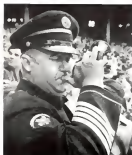
peal, "probably in America." Then on a recent U.S. trip he saw our freeways. And that is why Stirling Moss is back in England riding that dumb bicycle.

More or less in the same cycle of events we offer 22-year-old student nurse **Edie Barrett** pedaling peacefully along a Boston street when up dashes police Detective **Joseph Lundholm** and commandeers her bike. He then careers through traffic after a fleeing thief, makes the arrest—and returns the cycle to an astonished Edie. "It was faster than my squad car," explained Lundholm the lawman.

See, Stirling?

Former Fritz Walker of Wolcott, N.Y., is a sporting cutup. He recently set a record by slicing 912 inches of unbroken apple peel from a new variety of big apple called the Mutts. Neighbor **Frank Freer** trailed with 843 inches of U.A.P. Fritz and Frank will get to the core of their competition when they meet in September on the playing fields of the Wolcott Apple Harvest Festival. All other knife-wielding contestants welcome. Bring your own Mutts.

All during her childhood her sports-conscious dad and brothers kept yelling, "Don't throw like a girl! Don't run like a girl!" So **Pat Palinkas** tried and, sure enough, she grew up to join the Orlando Panthers as a placekick holder. She also grew up to be 5' 8", 127 pounds and 35-25-34, and last week Pat was named to the list of the 10 most glamorous girls in sports by the American Society of Girl Watchers. "I don't think you should lose your femininity just because you're playing a man's game," says Pat, who still throws like a girl, adding that she always dons mascara, eye liner and lipstick before suiting up.





## It's Yellow Fever season.

Smirnoff, lemonade and lazy afternoons.

A Yellow Fever is Smirnoff and lemonade. And very contagious.

It brings back those sweet, hot summer days when terraces were porches and air-conditioning was a pitcherful of lemonade. When doing nothin' was doing something.

Catch Yellow Fever and it all comes back. Yellow Fever. Spread it around.

**Smirnoff**  
Vodka • 40% Alc/Vol (80 Proof)



# Performance



# Polyglas



Now there are Performance Polyglas tires for mini, pony, compact or family cars. They're big, wide, white-lettered tires. Tires that bring the feel of the road right to your fingertips. That grab the road when you hit the brakes. That really hang on in corners and curves. Bold, brawny beauties. Tough enough to take almost anything the road can dish out. Choose from the Custom Wide Tread Polyglas 70 series or the Polyglas GT 60 series. Most cars can take Performance Polyglas tires. But first check your car's specs — they may be too much tire for your car.

**GOODYEAR**

\*Polyglas, Custom Wide Tread — Talk to the

Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

# Kent got it all together

*Again!*



## Now there's King Size Kent Menthol too.

Now King size smokers can enjoy the same brisk, breezy flavor and the famous Micronite® Filter of Kent Menthol 100's. Either way, King size or Deluxe 100's, Kent got it all together: all the refreshment of menthol, all the good things of a Kent.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That  
Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health



# Gomer is tops in the tepee

It's another bad year for the Indians, but at least the fans have a hot new favorite, even if he is a rookie pinch hitter batting .235

This year's Indians were going to be different. No question about that. But how different? Or to put it less delicately, how much worse different?

Lots, it seemed, as the team got off to the kind of start that only happens to clubs that are so flat financially they cannot afford it. The Indians plunged directly to the bottom of the American League East. At one point they lost seven in a row. The team's celebrity, Hawk Harrelson, hit .199 and quit to try pro golf. What Cleveland has needed was a laugh, or even just a giggle. Which is how a pinch-hitting 27-year-old rookie became famous. His name is Harold Hodge, but with his deep Carolina accent folks were bound to call him Gomer. He even looks like Jim Nabors, the Gomer Pyle of television.

Practically the only reason the Indians did not lose all their early games was Gomer Hodge. He had four hits in his first four pinch-hitting appearances, a feat that led him to claim he was batting ".4,000." His first hit traveled only 15 feet but he said, "It must have gone 150 feet. Ah count the bounces." When the team returned to Cleveland for its home opener, Hodge wore a borrowed sportcoat and shirt and had \$5 in his pocket. His hit won the game.

"I just threw my bat at it and ran like blazes," Hodge said later. He did not stop until he was on second (first would have been sufficient). "I had to go somewhere," said Hodge. "Ya hafta keep movin' in this game, ya know."

Soon each time he stropped to the plate the strains of *Smokey Mountain Breakdown*, his favorite record, would float over Cleveland Stadium. In an interview he said, "Some fellas don't believe in God, but me and The Guy Upstairs know each other and He takes care of me."

And Hodge took care of the Indians. In a game against Boston the crowd chanted, "We want Gomer! We want Gomer!" In the eighth inning he got Gomer. To a standing ovation, he

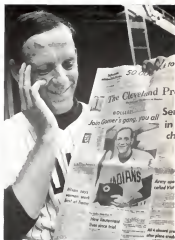
stepped to the plate with the bases loaded and responded with a 400-foot drive to the center-field wall. Cleveland won 7-2. He told the press, "Dad gum . . . if that ball had gone over that sign, I'd of called it a career. Everythin's so unreal. They scared me when I went up to the plate. Standin' up and hollerin' 'Go, Gomer!' Nothin' ever happened to me like this before."

Nothing like Gomer Hodge Day ever happened to him before either. Afraid that Hodge might prove no more than a chimera, and prompted by the old-fashioned habit of cashing in while the product is hot, the Cleveland management gave Hodge his Day just seven weeks into his big-league career. More than 10,000 people came, including members of his fan club, Gomer's Gang, which sits appropriately in Hodge's Lodge.

All this was a far cry from Rutherfordton, N.C. (pop. 3,245) where Harold Hodge was born. As a kid Hodge played cow pasture baseball and aspired to "learn how to get a mule to gee and haw and to lay corn straight." But his farming career was cut short—or perhaps merely delayed—when Cleveland signed him out of high school. He played in seven different cities as a minor-leaguer, ranging from Salinas, Calif. to Waterbury, Conn., never batting .300 or hitting more than 10 home runs. But Cleveland saw promise in him, and this spring he made the majors. "I like it," he says. "The only bad thing is they think I'm stupid. Some of 'em expect me to run to first base and trip or something. I don't like that."

Hodge also is apprehensive about pinch-hitting for his friends. "It puts pressure on mah buddies," he says. "I guess they think they gotta hit ever' time because the crowd be yelling fer me. Subbing fer mah buddies sorta gits me. But I like to win."

On the fifth-place Indians, Gomer gets little enough of that, especially since his own game-winning heroics have been ab-



BY GOLLY, HE MADE THE FRONT PAGE

sent lately. His average has fallen from ".4,000" to .235, but he is no less a folk hero to the Cleveland fans. Would he try to translate his popularity into a raise, he was asked recently. "Oh never," he said. "In Mexico hall they gave me a raise and the next night Horacio Pina hit me on the back of the head with a fastball. I ain't dumb enough to ask for another one."

## THE WEEK

by JOE JARES

**NL EAST** After the All-Star break, runaway PITTSBURGH picked up where it left off and moved 1½ games in front of the second-place Cubs. Reserve Outfielder Gene Cline got four hits in each of two consecutive appearances against the Reds and Padres, then was benched. He was back on the lineup in the series finale against the Padres but had lost his groove. He only got two for five, New York, down to fourth place and threat-

continued

ering to plummet clear to the Police Athletic League, needed a stopper performance from Tom Seaver in Houston Saturday. Seaver complied with a four-hitter over eight innings, but the Mets lost in the ninth 2-1. They have now lost 14 of their last 16. They have won only one series in 10 years in Texas. CHICAGO's Ferguson Jenkins won his 14th game in routine fashion, going the full nine innings and hitting a homer. "He's lost eight, but I know of at least four that he should have won," said Manager Leo Durocher. PHILADELPHIA's Rick Wise did not pitch in the All-Star Game, making it four years in a row that the Phils' representative has sat on the bench. Oh well, better to be there than in Philadelphia. About the only good news for MONTEAL was Bill Stoneman's route-going eight-hitter against the Cards, which ended a four-game losing streak for the Expos. Stoneman raised his league-leading strikeout total to 160. With only 36 wins, Manager Gene Mauch would like to forget his spring-training prediction: "Take a run at it." Perhaps he can say he meant 1981. The wife of sr. Louis Manager Red Schoendienst did not take any chances at a Cards-Expos game. She had nine runs with her (one for each inning) rooting for the Redbirds and they won 6-0. Reggie Cleveland threw the shutout, his and the club's first since May.

PIT 62-35 CHS 50-42 ST. L 48-44  
NY 47-43 PHIL 45-53 MONT 36-47

**NL WEST** IF LOS ANGELES IS TO catch the Giants, a key man is likely to be slender Right-hander Bill Singer, who has been out of action for over a month. "If Bill is healthy and able to stay in the rotation," said Maury Wills, "we'll win the pennant." Sunday against the Pirates was his first start since June 16. "I haven't opened up in two weeks," said Singer, "so I have no idea what will happen." What happened was he lost quickly, giving up three runs in five innings. SAN FRANCISCO's Gaylord Perry, long a suspected spitballer, got a shakedown inspection from the umpires before a game against the Reds. No grease, marmalade, STP or any other foreign substance was found. "I guess that proves I've been innocent all these years," said Perry. Yelled Manager Charlie Fox, "Where were they when he was losing six in a row?" CINCINNATI's Third Baseman Tony Perez had key hits in the late innings to win two games from the Giants for the Reds. "When I get hot I hit everyone," he said jubilantly. On the minus side, Catcher Johnny Bench was sidelined by an injured wrist, although Pat Corcoran filled in ably. SAN DIEGO Manager Preston Gomez left his team in Pittsburgh to return home for a hernia operation, but there was no doctoring the Padres, who lost all three of their games to

the Pirates. HOUSTON enjoyed its first triple play in history. "Boy," said astute middleman Dennis Menke, "it can sure take care of an inning real quick." The fine work of long Reliever Jim Ray also helped embarrass the visiting Mets (5½ hitless, runless innings). Ray credits his improvement to a 60-wind-up motion that helps his control. ATLANTA stole L.A.'s traditional balanced victory recipe Friday, stealing two bases, getting good pitching and winning on 12 base hits—all singles. The Braves even tried a squeeze play, which didn't work. "I'm going to make that play work before the year's over if I have to go out there and bunt myself," said Manager Luman Harris.

SF 37-38 L.A. 35-48 HOUS 48-46  
ATL 47-50 CIN 44-53 SO 39-61

**AL EAST** Fifth-place CLEVELAND at least showed some punch off the field. Pitcher Mike Paul appeared at the ball park Friday with a badly swollen mouth and needed five stitches to close a cut inside his upper lip. "I was sucker-punched by a teammate of mine," explained Paul. Purely by coincidence, Outfielder Ted Uhlaender showed up with a bandaged right hand and said he had cut and bruised his knuckles on a broken soda bottle. Nobody got slugged in bottom, or even batted, but the words were cutting. Outfielder Billy Conigliaro, who had been upset at his brother Tony's retirement from the Angels and his own poor play, blasted teammates Carl Yastrzemski and Reggie Smith, then got blasted in return. Billy C apologized at a sweet-news-and-light press conference. Means-his, back on the diamond, the slumping Yast jokingly put cotton in his ears to blot out the left-field boobies apparently left over from Ted Williams' playing days. Despite all this, the Soxers won only four games behind the Orioles after Sunday and General Manager Dick O'Connell said, "You might think I'm crazy, but I believe we will be a better team the second half of the season because of what has happened." The two Rons who platoon in right field for new YORK—Blomberg and Swoboda—each won a game. Ron B hit a three-run homer to lead the Yankees over Milwaukee and Ron S got a two-out, ninth-inning single against Chicago. There were signs that DETROIT's pitching was picking up. Mickey Lolich has been reliable all along—he has not lost since June 12—but Joe Coleman scattered seven hits Saturday and beat the A's 2-1, and cortisone-fortified Les Cain did well in a losing effort against Vida Blue. Nor did his shoulder act up. "He is over the hump and into his comeback," said Manager Billy Martin. Dave Nelson upped his batting average to .338 for WASHINGTON, but there was little else to the team's offense. When ex-Dartmouth hero Pete Broberg lost a 2-0 game Friday

to the White Sox, it made a total of 20 innings in which his teammates have not helped him with a single run. BALTIMORE's Mike Cuellar lost to the Angels Friday night 5-4, ending his winning streak at 11, but Pat Dobson extended his victory skid to eight. Such strong starters presented Manager Earl Weaver with a problem, however. "... It leaves little work for the bullpen and sometimes my relievers have trouble throwing strikes," he complained. Or maybe it isn't a problem anymore; on Saturday Dave McNally (13-4) was put on the injured list.

BALT 57-34 POST 53-38 DET 48-43  
NY 48-48 CLEVE 36-54 WASH 38-55

**AL WEST** OAKLAND's Vida Blue, disappointing in the All-Star Game in Detroit even though he was the winning pitcher (two hits and three earned runs in three innings), pitched a one-hitter against the Tigers three days later for his 18th victory of the regular season. It was his seventh shutout and he is closing in fast on the league record for left-handers of nine held by Babe Ruth. CALIFORNIA Shortstop Jim Fregosi underwent surgery at the Mayo Clinic to have a tumor removed from between the leg and second toes on his right foot, and will be lost to the club for at least three weeks. Another absent Angel, Tony Conigliaro, was having phone conversations with Owner Gene Autry and hinting that he would be back in the saddle again. "I did it with one eye before," he said. "I can do it again." The case of a third absentee, the suspended Alex Johnson, is still tied up at Commissioner Bowie Kuhn's office, but Johnson might wind up in MILWAUKEE. Brewers General Manager Frank Lane expressed interest in putting up with the problem child. "If we had one guy who could hit 15 homers for us the rest of the way," he said, "we'd have a shot at second place. Johnson would be ideal." CHICAGO, stumbling along slightly ahead of Milwaukee, was at least getting good pitching from Tommy John. His 2-0 win over Washington was his fifth in his last seven starts. His ERA for those seven games: 0.79. "If this guy isn't the best pitcher in the league right now, I'd like to know who is," said Manager Chuck Tanner. Tell him, somebody. MINNESOTA continued its skid. Harmon Killebrew clinched the All-Star Game, 6-4, for the American League with his two-run homer, but he could not hit any out at Fenway Park, where the Twins went scoreless for 21 innings at two losses. KANSAS CITY's Lou Piniella, mired in a season-long slump, singled in the winning run to beat the Indians and keep the Royals comfortably in second place.

OAK 58-33 KC 47-42 CAL 44-51  
MINN 42-48 CHS 36-51 MIL 39-61



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## *They never said they were perfect*

**The U.S. Publix Championship  
yields a bumper crop of crazies**

**A**wwwwww, yeah. This one is really for you, Maury Municipal. You and Sid Civic and Mast Metropolitan and all you dedicated public-course crazies who stand in line at five o'clock Saturday morning, shuffling in the dew and

itching to tee it up so you can whip one of your 150-yard beauties out there into the high weeds, you who play bare-back in furnace weather, overcoated in snow or slickered up in driving rainstorms; you plant guys coming off the night shift to drag your carts for the grand old factory team; you slice-your-drive, shank-your-iron, cut-up-your-T-tennis, take-no-divot, kick-a-few-out-of-the-rough guys.

Yes, this is the tournament, this U.S. Amateur Publix Championship, for all of you who whack the ball off a rubber mat at the Highway Driving Range, coax it into a pipe at the Puts-Puts, trust your T shirts to the Arnold Palmer cleaners, scramble for your solid 105s and love every lugging, slashing, duffing minute of it. It is the one time each year when tournament golf drops its middle-class pretensions and becomes a four-day, blue-collar scramble among an assortment of bricklayers, haidressers, welders, carpenters, mailmen, firemen, cooks and cops.

This year's version of the USGA-directed Publix was held la t week under churning, blowtorch conditions in the Arizona desert, otherwise known as the Papago course, Phoenix. It was won by tall, blond Fred Haney, who brought his big swing out of the cool pine forests of Oregon and played through 115° temperatures as though he were air-conditioned, producing a two-over score of 290 and thrashing the field by five shots. On his way to victory, the 22-year-old former captain of the University of Oregon golf team seemed singularly unaware of the history he was helping to enrich.

Above and beyond its kaleidoscopic field, the Publix has other claims to distinction. It was initiated in 1922 as a concession to those amateurs throughout the country who could afford neither private-club membership nor travel expenses to a national tournament. A man needs no established handicap to enter the Publix sectional qualifying rounds, and if he does qualify, most of his travel costs to the national tournament, plus limited per diem expenses, are provided by the USGA. As a consequence, the USGA makes all but the top four finishers and ties ineligible for the U.S. Amateur

that year. Despite this deprivation and the sideshow flavor of the competition, the Publix endures, as much for its theater as for its golf.

In the very first Publix, two players approaching a green late in their match were somewhat surprised to hear a shot ring out and discover that one of their gallery had assassinated himself. That seemed to set the tone. President Warren G. Harding lent his name to the Publix team trophy, won this year by Haney's Portland contingent. Diverse personalities have won the individual title: a Pittsburgh stenographer, a Philadelphia waiter, a San Francisco riveter, a Yonkers truck driver and the only black man (Bilby Wright in 1959) ever to take a national golf championship. It regularly produces a character like 6' 7" Yates Adams, who stamped himself the leading zany in the clubhouse in 1964 by swinging like a Ferris wheel and pouncing onto putts like a caged animal.

Last week the legend of Yates Adams was put to rest by a 24-year-old, 300-pound Hawaiian short-order cook and bartender named Clarence (Junior) Honan. "Call me Thunder," said Junior. "I make a lot of noise on the greens." Junior drew much attention with his yellow and black shoes, green socks and invisible backswing. Though he had some trouble turning around, Junior managed to, as he put it, "Scream it out there." Out there too often turned out to be Papago's ample rough ("Next time I'm bringin' no a lawn mower"), and his 83-81 in the opening rounds missed the cut. But he vowed to work on his game between his occasionally monumental bartending jobs back home in the Islands. "I once did a party for 10,000 people," he said. "You talk about pigs."

The second day featured another big man, Gary Balliet, captain of the Michigan golf team, who took the tournament lead at 144 despite a shortage of equipment. "Broke my seven, lost my four, never had a three-wood," he explained to the press.

"Wonderful," glowed USGA official Frank Hannagan. "Francis Ouimet needed only seven clubs to win the Open."

David Eisner, a high school student from Loomis, Calif., won near immortality—and the Tommy Aaron Memorial



**WINNER HANEY: SHARP AS A CACTUS**

Pencil—by aiding in the disqualification of both his playing companions. In the opening round, he gave Larry Castagnoli a stroke less than he shot on one hole, whereupon Castagnoli carelessly signed the erroneous card and de Vicenzi freed himself out of the tournament. The next day Eisner marked down another wrong score on one hole for Fred Lufkin, a former runner-up in the Publix, and Lufkin also failed to note the error before signing. Exit Lufkin.

"If the tournament lasts long enough," said one player, "Eisner will win easy." Unfortunately, his golf clubs were no match for his magic marker, and he missed the cut by seven strokes.

More acts of fellowship were to follow. When Roger Schurke, a Minneapolis pharmacist, finished his second round, his playing mate, John Miranov of Warren, Mich., refused to attest the scorecard. He said Schurke grounded his club in a hazard on one hole and should get a two-stroke penalty. Schurke insisted he grounded the club *outside* the hazard boundary. The pair spent 20 minutes in the scorer's tent arguing with the USGA. Miranov finally agreed to attest Schurke's card with a 9 instead of an 11 on the disputed hole. So he missed the cut by 10 strokes instead of 12.

Storming off, Miranov announced: "I don't talk golf to nobody."

"What a beautiful guy," Schurke said afterward. "Does this go on all the time?"

Publix veterans would probably answer yes, but even they were surprised at the actions of 16-year-old Bruce Cochran of Jacksonville during the opening round. On the 2nd hole, Cochran holed a 20-foot putt for a par, but the caddy failed to pull the flagstick and the ball hit it for a two-stroke penalty. On the 15th, Cochran drilled a 40-foot putt on target for a birdie, but just as it was falling in the hole the caddy pulled the pin and knocked the ball away. Instead of being down in four, Cochran had to settle for a double-bogey 7. As he walked off the green, Cochran called the caddy a "stupid maniac." The caddy, in turn, suggested what Cochran might do. Cochran whipped around and leveled the caddy, splitting his lip and send-

ing him sprawling past a sand trap.

"We'll have to do something," said the USGA's Hannigan, referring to the fistfights, not the caddy. "Francis Oumet never hit anybody."

The third round settled down to a question of whether Balliet's interesting eight-piece swing could hold up against the onslaught of seven guys who had survived surly companions, scoring errors and flying fists to move within three shots of the lead.

Balliet faltered—he shot 77—and the lead was taken over by Haney and the tournament's sartorial nonpareil, Bob Blomberg, who had come out of nowhere—or rather, Alameda, Calif.—to shoot 71. He sported about in Bermuda shorts, dark socks, and a black mustache that drooped over a thin cigar. He said his education had consisted of two years of high school and three years in the hospital. "I had hepatitis and cirrhosis of the liver," he explained. "They told my folks I wouldn't be around long, but here I am."

There, too, just one shot back with 18 holes to go were Archie Dadian and Lee Carter. Dadian, a former pro, was the pretournament favorite and a man with

complaints of his own—he kept trying to explain all week how many times he had broken his hand without knowing it. Carter, a 17-year-old black who plays out of the same Tenson course in Dallas where Lee Trevino used to hustle, was the surprise of the week. He stayed near the lead for three days before succumbing to nerves and a final-round 81.

The last round began with Blomberg showing up on the practice tee in spectacular American-flag shorts and several USGA officials approaching coronary arrest. After a hasty meeting, USGA Public Links Chairman Bob Dwyer said something like, "You are sitting on the flag, son," and Blomberg was ordered to change.

"Land of the free," moaned the Californian. "What would they do if I came out nude? If I win this thing, the shorts are going back on for pictures."

Dwyer and his fellow guardians of national honor were spared this humiliation when the power-hitting Haney rolled in a couple of early 20-foot birdies and took a four-shot lead that enabled him to coast home. "I thought I'd win," said Haney. "I never heard of those other guys."

END



CONTENDER BLOMBERG SIGHTS STYLISHLY AS JUNIOR NONAH LAGS UP A PUTT

## Hats off at the comeback of an old renegade

Antonio Bienvenida, Spain's *Medicere metedor*, has come out of retirement at 49 to fight monster bulls with such flair that the heralded reappearance of febled glamour boy Dominguín has been eclipsed

When Luis Miguel Dominguín, age 45, came out of his 10-year retirement recently to face bulls at Las Palmas, Canary Islands, the press of the Spanish-speaking world could be excused for palpitating. He was described, generously and inaccurately, as the world's greatest bullfighter, while the public was treated to a rehash of his life and loves as though he were Howard Hughes or someone really interesting. At the same time, the press ignored the fact that Antonio Bienvenida (Antonio Mejías Jiménez), age 49, came out of retirement this season not in the provinces but in two *corridos* at the important fair of San Isidro in Madrid.

Dominguín is tall, aristocratic in appearance, a fine *torero*, wealthy, an associate of Picasso and dear friend of a succession of beautiful and famous women. He is glamorous. Before his retirement, he regularly appeared in 70 to 100 *corridos* a year with the best matadors of his generation. Bienvenida is a great *torero* who, in comparison, looks like a cross between Sancho Panza and Richard Milhous Nixon. Bienvenida is still married to his first wife and is the father of four children. In his most successful year as a *ma ador*, 1948, he appeared in only 53 *corridos*. When he retired in 1966, he fell back not into the arms of the jet set, but to a Chrysler dealership and to proprietorship of a bar in Madrid.

It is not news that appearances often mislead, and in no case more totally than in Bienvenida's. Dominguín's choice of Las Palmas for his return, with inferior bulls, compared to Bienvenida's appearances in Madrid with 5-year-old Spanish and Portuguese bulls, is a case in point. This is not to denigrate Dominguín but to focus attention where in the eyes of real bullfighting, it belongs. For what happened was this: Antonio Bienvenida sacrificed the glamour



and *petacas* that his talent would have ensured him in order to buck the system at a time when his rich and glamorous contemporaries chose to profit from skulduggery.

During the Spanish Civil War of 1936-39, the herds of fighting bulls were slaughtered indiscriminately, either for food or for political vengeance upon landowners. As a result, the herds had to be reconstituted when the war officially ended. A generation of *toreros*, accordingly, was brought up to face poorly bred, scrawny animals. By the late 1940s, when the bloodlines had been reestablished and good animals were again becoming available, all hands had become accustomed to stock standards. Breeders, impresarios and managers conspired in various crooked practices that impaired the bull's accuracy and timing. Horn shaving was the most common: the removal of the tip of the horn, followed by filing the base into a new tip. By 1952, horn shaving had become

a national scandal, widely known but never admitted. When all seemed lost, a group of breeders publicly denounced horn shaving, while one *torero* and only one, Antonio Bienvenida, confessed in a radio broadcast that, although like all the rest he had faced shaved horns in the past, he would do so no longer.

The public was delighted, but not one of Bienvenida's fellow *toreros* so much as commented on his statement. Some were conspicuous by their absence from Spain for the next season or two, while in 1953 six of the leading *toreros* took part in a boycott, refusing to appear on the same card with Bienvenida. There were several times after that when Bienvenida had to face six bulls on a program when other scheduled *toreros* mysteriously failed to show. In 1954 he was excluded from both the Easter *ferro* in Seville and from San Isidro.

It was to San Isidro, the big fair in the capital, that Bienvenida made his return this year, working with another

hese veteran, Andrés Vázquez, first with an imposing string of bulls of Semel Flores, and on the last day of the fair with three Portuguese and three Spanish bulls from six different ranches, all mature, well-horned creatures.

In Bienvenida's 30 years as *torero*, the bulls have given him 14 serious gorings and the priests have twice given him the sacrament of Extreme Unction. Antonio's followers knew that he had never been *carne de toro* (bull meat). His wounds were not the result of stupidity; they were always from accidents: an evil wind blowing a cape, a rare miscalculation, a determination to dominate a bull, goring or not.

Because of his services to bullfighting, and because he was a master *torero* and savior, Bienvenida had been missed in recent seasons. Yet dread salted the public anticipation of his return. Bienvenida, it was felt, might do better to stand upon an honorable past and not risk another goring or undignified hoots from an always pitiless public.

Spain is a noisy country. The Spanish pebble like birds, and at a *corrida* they shout advice, insults or encouragement to the men in the ring. But when Bienvenida, in pelting rain, faced his first bull, there was incredible, unprecedented silence, and it continued throughout most of the afternoon—tribute to what the *toreros* were about.

Bienvenida showed that he had not lost the art of apparent naturalness before the bull; as he forced the animal to pass, his happy smile disguised from all but truly knowledgeable fans a precise assessment of the skill of distances and an intelligent awareness of what was needed to bring about the fullest esthetic effect from the bull. His cape work was slow and elegant as he showed young aficionados *muleta* passes they had never seen outside books. Most modern *toreros* have learned to work only with the *muleta* held low; if the bull does not respond, they do not know quite what to do. Bienvenida demonstrated how to dominate a stubborn bull with two-handed passes given high, passes not seen since the days of Domingo Ortega. Antonio's tour of the ring after killing his first bull released all the pent-up noise in the stands.

In the 11 days between Bienvenida's reappearance and his scheduled *maté* a *maté* with Andrés Vázquez on the final day of the fair, it was remarkable to

hear even old crocks who haven't liked anything since 1912 singing the praises of Bienvenida. Still there was apprehension, for Antonio and Andrés were to take on six large, dirty-looking, splendid beasts, a *concurso* from six Portuguese and Spanish ranches. It was possible that Antonio could not repeat his performance, that he still was signing up for more than his age warranted. But if all went well, this could be one of the *corridos* of the decade. Here were two absolutely honest, unquestioned masters, with the courage and technical resources to face bulls that would have produced instant gastroenteritis in the bellies of most of the classy stars of today.

To a full house, in sunshine for once, the *corrida* unfolded surprisingly, gloriously for Bienvenida but miserably for Vázquez. It was the younger man who made the error and took a nasty wound in his left armpit. Bienvenida thus had to kill five bulls, not three, and now it was the Madrid public's turn to receive an impressive demonstration of classical bullfighting. The strength and caste of the bulls may be judged from the fact that among them they took 21 pics, this at a time when six bulls rarely take more than eight or 10 pics altogether. All the bulls were difficult and dangerous, yet both men executed grand *servicios*, stepping into the line of charge and following through. Bienvenida placed the bulls exactly where they needed to be in order to counteract their bad tendencies and encourage them to charge. His *muleta* work was so exact and gay that it tended to disguise the danger. Vázquez' goring underlined that danger fully, giving Bienvenida's *favor* to his last two bulls a depth and seriousness bordering on the terrible melancholy that the finest bullfighting always produces. By the end of that afternoon the fat, short, middle-aged man had become tall and aristocratic. Juan Carlos, the next ruler of Spain, acclaimed Bienvenida "*torero*" along with 20,000 other people. He had proved himself foremost among the 29 mazzardos who took part in the fair of San Isidro, 1971.

Dominguin is reported to have said, with his customary charm, that he came back to the plazas because he was "in search of an illusion—total happiness." Bienvenida, on the first two afternoons of his return, gave the public the reality, not the illusion. May both men come to share it in the seasons ahead. **END**

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## *Happiness is six hours a day with your eye on the ball*

**Chris Evert, the 16-year-old daughter of a Florida pro, already has upset the game's best. Now she starts her bid for fame and fortune**

She is only a girl—slightly built and pretty in a fresh, sparkling fashion. She is 16 years old, a slender 105 pounds with the look of a high school cheerleader. But now see her: long hair back, wooden tennis racket in her hand, the South Florida sun getting higher and hotter. Why isn't she camped out on the Fort Lauderdale beach, flirting with boys, enjoying herself?

But no, not Chris Evert. She is comfortable here, further committing herself to her ambition. Since mid-September of last year, when she gained international attention by beating Francoise Durr of France and Margaret Court of Australia on two heady days, she has steadily progressed to the forefront of American tennis. Next month she will play for the U.S. on the Wightman Cup team, the youngest competitor to have that honor since Maureen Connally was selected at the same age 20 years ago. When that happened, it was a prelude to six U.S. and Wimbledon championships for Little Mo.

Not that Chris looks like another Connally, not yet. Her impressive record against a galaxy of more experienced players is tainted because the victories have come on clay, her favorite surface. Durr, Court, Billie Jean King, Mary Ann Curtis and Julie Heldman, victims all, can attest that you should no more challenge Chris on clay than seek B'rrer Rabbit in the Bsnarpatch.

Judy Alvarez, who was ranked No. 6 in the U.S. when she retired and became a pro five years ago, explains the situation. "Chris is already one of the best clay-court players in the world. She is an excellent retriever and shotmaker, and that is what it takes on clay. But on the faster surfaces, grass and hard courts, it is a different, more aggressive

game. You must have a powerful serve and be able to rush the net instead of standing back on the baseline. If she wants to stay on clay that is her business, but if she wants to win the big tournaments like Forest Hills and Wimbledon or play on the pro tour, she must develop a suitable game."

Chris would seem to agree, for next month she is starting to play regularly on fast surfaces. The Girls' IIs in Philadelphia, the Wightman Cup matches in Cleveland and the U.S. Open Championships at Forest Hills will require a strength and pace that has been demanded of her only occasionally in the past.

"It's going to be difficult for me, I know that," Chris says. "From now on about 75% of my matches will be on fast surfaces. If I find that I'm not doing well, I'll have to punish myself with more discipline."

More discipline? She already works out every day, five to six hours in the summer and as long as possible after school in the winter. An aunt, Ruth Evert in Columbus, Ga., recalls telephoning her Florida relatives one Christmas Day and finding that Chris was out on the tennis court practicing.

"I don't want to be an average teenager," she said one day recently in the family room of her home. There was a violent storm outside and rain smeared the windows, but Chris, her hair in pigtails, was dressed in one of her dozen tennis outfits in anticipation of clearing weather later in the afternoon. "If it weren't tennis it would be something else. So many kids today don't seem to have goals. You see them walking around the beach and they aren't really going anywhere. Having a date on Friday night is not the most important thing in the world to me. I don't have close friends

at school. They just don't understand. I feel more comfortable around other tennis players."

Chris is not a dull girl. She has a lively personality and a mind to match. Her grades at St. Thomas Aquinas High School in Fort Lauderdale last year averaged 90, even though tennis tournaments caused her to miss more than three weeks of school.

Her regimen began 10 years ago at the urging of her father, Jimmy, a tennis pro from whom she inherited her athletic ability and a slightly pigeon-toed walk. The senior Evert won the national indoor junior title in 1940 by defeating Vic Seixas and later captained the tennis team at Notre Dame. He has two brothers who are also tennis players; Jerry, the pro at a club in Houston, and Chuck, a former pro who now takes time from a successful Columbus, Ga., law practice to compete in senior men's events. Jimmy oversees 20 courts at Holiday Park in Fort Lauderdale, the largest tennis complex in Florida. His two star pupils are Chris and her 13-year-old sister Jeanne, who is already ranked third nationally in 14-and-under play.

"I appreciate what my father has done for me," says Chris. "He is responsible for where I am, and most people don't understand. Oh, I didn't always like it. When I was in the seventh and eighth grades I think I missed going to parties. But I've lost interest in things like that. I'll never forget how happy I was when I won my first award. I was 8, and another girl and I were runners-up in a doubles tournament at the Orange Bowl."

Jimmy Evert may have provided the initial stimulus, but his coaching is now more important than any inspiration. If Chris quit tomorrow it would be all right with her father, but he feels that as long as she wants to play she should not squander her ability.

"Chris has amazed me," he says. "Maybe it's because I see her play every day and I think there is so much room for improvement, but I just don't see how she has accomplished all she

PHOTOGRAPH BY LINA PELLIAM

**AT PRACTICE.** As ever, Chris works out on her father's courts in Fort Lauderdale.





has. When she beat Margaret Court I had to be told three or four times before it finally sank in. Now that she is about to play grass and hard-court tennis, I don't believe her serve is good enough to follow it to the net, and you must be able to do that. I think her forehand needs to be improved, too, because she moves much better to her left than her right. But we'll see."

Evert jokes that if Chris has weak wrists they probably come from his wife's side of the family. Colette Evert, weak wrists and all, oversees a household that seems a satellite to Holiday Park. For every knickknack on a table, there are a dozen trophies, plaques or similar awards elsewhere.

Tennis is a family affair for the Everts. Jimmy, Chris and Jeanne are at the courts constantly. Drew, 17, is less of a disciple, but he did reach the finals of the Florida juniors this year. John, 10, is just setting out in 12-and-under play. That leaves Clare, a raucous, untested 3, who may be a comer, and Colette, who keeps the Evert team fed and fit in an eight-room house four blocks from the park.

The two older girls share a bedroom and Jeanne says their relationship is "typical of sisters. We have our normal fights about clothes and things like that. As for her tennis, I admire her but I don't look up to her like she's God. When we practice we don't play sets, because if we tried to score points we probably wouldn't get along. Of course, sometimes we can't help it, and we try to hit a winner."

Until recently Jimmy has been rather selective about where he let Chris compete, not just because of her age but because he feels a rigorous practice routine is more important at this stage of her development than tournament experience. Nevertheless, Chris has participated in all the national age-group championships. She was runner-up in the 12s and won the 14s and 16s. Last summer she reached the quarter finals of the 18s—with two more years of eligibility remaining—but had to default when she was only three points away from victory.

The loss was to the eventual finalist, Eliza Pande, and the circumstances that

can't be told

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*Established in 1849 in Old Louisville, Kentucky.*

**TENNIS** *continued*

caused it bear noting. Chris was overcome by the heat and her own weariness, the result of playing the long, drawn-out clay game on grass. "I kept telling myself, 'You've got to go on, you can't stop,'" Chris recalls. "But finally I knew I had to quit. I couldn't breathe."

In the last year Chris has gained 10 pounds and she feels she is better prepared physically. "If I can stay on the court, I can do well," she says. "Winning the 18s, if not this year, then next year, is very important to me. I want to be one of the best players in the world some day and to do that I should at least be the best in my own age group."

An indication that many already consider her to be America's finest teenage player, if not something more, is her appointment to the Wightman Cup team, which annually faces Britain's best women. After Billie Jean King, Rosemary Casals and Nancy Richey Gunter—the three top players in the U.S.—declined invitations, the way was opened for Chris. The selection committee was well aware that her modest women's ranking of 16th is deceiving, since it does not take into account her impressive wins of the last 10 months.

As an amateur she has had to reject winner's checks of nearly \$4,000 this spring and summer alone. The largest, for \$2,000, came—or didn't come—in the Virginia Slims Masters, making her the only amateur to win a professional tennis event this year. She did it by defeating Miss Durr (for the second time), Miss Alvarez, Mrs. King and Julie Heldman. The match with Billie Jean ended abruptly when Mrs. King retired after winning the first set 7-6 and losing the second 6-3. Chris' unfailing ability to return any shot simply wore out the ailing Billie Jean. Chris now has an open invitation to play in any event on the women's tour, a not so pleasant prospect for the other ladies. "Chrissie takes money right out of their pockets," says Judy Alvarez. "It's just a game to her now. If she doesn't win a dime, it doesn't mean a thing. There's nothing to complicate things for her."

That, of course, is not exactly true, although there is still very much of the little girl about Chris in even her biggest triumphs. When she beat Margaret Court only a week after the Australian champion had completed her second Grand Slam, she burst into tears.

The excruciating set scores of 7-6, 7-6

are a testament to her toughness, but when Mrs. Court hit the match point out of bounds, Chris dropped her racket, shook heads, walked off the court and began crying.

"I didn't want to cry, but when I saw Laurie Fleming was crying, I just couldn't help it," Chris recalls. Laurie, six months younger, is Chris' best friend. She, too, is from Fort Lauderdale, and their frequent practice sessions are between the two best women players in Florida.

Chris' steady, patient game is honed under Jimmy's watchful eye. He maintains a flow of pointed criticism. "Chris, you must put more spin on your serve," he tells her. "You're hitting it with a forehand grip. Now show me your grip after every serve."

Occasionally Chris' control will falter and she will curl the same frown that shows itself when she makes a bad shot in a match. More often, though, she seems emotionless—which is more a matter of concentration than character. Developing the killer instinct that gets a player to Wimbledon does not come easy for 16-year-old girls. She has to work at it.

Jimmy Evert, naturally, is pleased that Chris has the dedication he believes is necessary for excellence. "She's a good worker," he said one day as the two Evert girls were lashing the ball back and forth across the practice net. "She knows what she does wrong and she will work as hard as is required to improve."

In the next few years big-time tennis will become an even more consuming passion for Chris, with college getting a low priority. "Right now I don't see how college could help my game," she says, reflecting an awareness of the realities of tennis life. It is the knowledge of such factors that has sharpened her aim, and she always has a way of being on target. The other day she and Jeanne were whiling away an hour in the amusement arcade at the Atlanta airport. Chris was especially fascinated by the Target Zero game. As a lighter-pilot, the player must destroy a succession of ground installations. The highest possible score was 100. After a few games Chris' total climbed to 85—proving that her aptitudes for Target Zero and clay-court tennis are equally high.

"I've got to get 100," Chris said. Don't bet she won't.

END

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# Feeling One's Way Across the Chasm

*The world of children is beyond the grasp of most adults, as the author soon discovered while running a day camp to introduce city kids to the joys of nature and the woods*

by **WILLIAM SERVICE**

**W**hat we were kneeling and elbowing our way through, vertically, single file, was a little knottier than a laurel thicket, a little more open than what is called a laurel hell. Piedmont in July. "Mr. Service?" What. "Maybe I'll go into the woods again sometime. But I ain't ever going with you. Not ever."

Back in June I had said, "Tony, ecology can't be taught to kids 6 to 11 in only two weeks, not even an introduction. It's a purely derivative science. One must presuppose a certain background in biology, chemistry, physics and mathematics." (Like contributors to the *Congressional Record*, I tend to edit some of my talk.) Tony Mulvihill had dropped by with a middling-size bag of *continued*

federal grant money and a ahead of engaging ideas, some of which had considerable fuzz on them.

The squad that I was leading consisted of a dozen boys and girls—that day, as usual, most of them black—and two junior counselors, Robin and Leonard. I was not lecturing anybody on how rapidly we were traversing from typical flood-plain flora of sycamore and gum through Appalachian heath to open, near-climax, mixed mesophytic forest. The children were sniping and bitching at me and at each other. "Quit droppin dirt on me." "Can we go back now?" "We have to do this?" "I'm tired." "Move, girl." "Leggo me, I ain't pullin you up this hill." "Prickabrians. I'm stuck." "Mr. Service . . . you sweatin." "Take us back." On such days I was often to act, or fail to act, out of anger or boredom or confusion or frustration or simple malaise. I was now about to act, for what I hope was the only time, out of spite. We had followed the irregular arc of the lake, scrambled up one of the steeper drop-offs and were about to cut straight across the arc through easy open woods back to the lodge.

"You tired?" I asked. Uh huh. "Want to go back now?" Uh huh. But also some stalwart noes. "All those . . . all those who want to go back the way we came can go back with Leonard. All those who want to go on ahead with me straight back to camp, and I vow straight back to camp, come over here with me." They unhesitatingly split six and six, with all but one of the little girls electing to turn back—the round-faced girls, their features already setting into placid, no-nonsense domesticity.

Little black kids have a way of saying "Bye" that suggests they are moving toward life's very good things while those told "Bye" are into a very bad thing; the least it can mean is that you had better reconsider your position. A lot of those special "Byes" were thrown back and forth, and then Leonard and his squad plunged down into the laurel jungle we had just won through. Back in camp, I told them to save seven cold juices for Leonard and his group, they

would be very tired. I was feeling much better.

"If you can't teach them ecology," Mulvihill had said with a shrug, "teach them what you can."

It was to be a program of four two-week sessions, each with 160 kids, black and white. The "day" began with a half-mile jog from the buses to a light but nourishing breakfast at the camp. Then one group might be led off (no, no, not led—invited) to perform free expressive body movements to music; another would be crossing a chasm on a single-rope traverse or tracing the nutritional path of a hickory nut through the flesh of a squirrel and the guts of a hawk and back to the forest floor; another would be doing acrobatics or noncompetitive group strenuosties; another

gressing on the sea waves of their own legs. I should have known this one wasn't a millipede. It was living under one of the 40,000 rocks we turned over in those two months. The way it moved: sinuous, fast, questing. I tricked it up into my hands where it raced and twined among the fingers. I didn't like the thing but in the face of 15 children—whether they are awed, repelled, or utterly indifferent—you permit yourself no qualms. "Do it bite? Do it sting?"

I said blandly, "I don't know. Do . . . does it?" Uh huh. Oh yes. "If it bite, bites, how come it isn't biting me?" (Subtly steering the course of discussion, you see.) The answer was right there: "Cause you white."

They took it from me on faith that this was a kind of millipede. "Who'll take him back to camp?" The little girl's name was Gail. She was afraid of the thing. Why she felt it necessary to fight that fear, I don't know. Dark hand, coral palm: back and forth, touch no touch. Finally she held still, I poured the crawler down into her hand. Shreak. She jumped back, shaking her hand. Then tears and weeping. I searched for any puncture or welt, found none. "Little lady, he couldn't possibly have stung you. He's got hard prickly little legs, and when he crawled on your fingers you thought he was biting you." Not reassured, she more or less acquiesced to the phrases. I wrapped the thing in a handkerchief and took it back to the lodge. Before caging it, I took a closer look: it was a centipede, a predator and mildly venomous—mildly being the word when you're not being bitten by one. Gail accepted my apologies, even my instruction on some differences between millipedes and centipedes, with great good grace. Yes, Gail, it bites, and when it bites, it stings.

*Sightseeing? Well, Maybe*  
Many had never swung a bat, gone into the woods, immersed themselves in a body of water—not even in a tub—swung on a rope, touched modeling clay, touched any musical instrument, touched paints or dyes, touched any living animal, and by animal I mean touched

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT CUNNINGHAM



sculpting free forms from fresh-dug, hand-lifted clay, or tie-dyeing T shirts in pigments wrung from berries, roots and toadstools, or playing slow-motion tag. Movement, muscle, freedom, music, the cycle of life, confidence, joy, color, texture, endurance, love, respect, identity. All that. This wildly idealized version of our day existed only in bits and pieces. All too often the children ended up with pot holders, Kool-Aid, kickball, Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star, aimless hikes along a worn path.

#### *Do It Bite? Do It Sting?*

Millipedes are obscure, humble folk. I know little about them beyond their vegetarian or scavenging diet, their harmlessness and their stately way of pro-

*continued*

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not a dog, not a cat. Nor had some of the black kids ever touched a white person. (Sally, how come your hair don't get nappy when it wet? Mr. Service . . . you hairy. Where'd you get all that hair? What do you mean where'd I get it, I grew it.) But there were other children from surroundings some few cuts above any poverty level. Somehow a good number of brights had infiltrated the rolls. So, as a squad on its first day turns into the woods, a boy near the head of the line might be showing what he knows of photosynthesis while a tiny girl like Terri, a moth-child, dressed poor—photographers take her picture when they need to make their point—is tearfully going to pieces because her mama warned her and warned her never to go into the woods.

. . . toadstools, a kaleidoscope of them, and always a group would identify them as Devil's Food. On showing them a half-eaten toadstool: "The devil eat that." You really believe that's so? The question would sift out a number of skeptics but leave a hard core of old believers.

. . . a buzzard of ill-omen was skating fairly low over the ball field, the sun just right to cast its shadow sharp down on us. "Take care," I suggested as we crossed the field, "that shadow fall on you and you fall dead in the morning." (Did you hear what he say? Did he mean it? He's foolin us again. Maybe.) Mr. Service . . . is that the *trunk*? I gave the question some thought. "Probably not."

. . . the largest creature seen. We were going through a thicket near the lake and I started up a blue heron, which lifted off and headed down the lake. I saw it, the counselor saw it; the one child who saw it stopped watching before it was gone and did not ask what it was.

#### Rope

I bring out 40 feet of good one-inch hemp. "What you goin do with it?" Putting on a mirthless smile, I weave an enormous hangman's noose. They like that.

I suggest we swing on a rope swing. First we need a strong branch high enough. There is only one in the area. Stuck beforehand on a sapling nearby is a ball of twine. "How we gon get the rope up there?" I don't know for sure. Work it out. "You tell us." No.

Their only real problem is the height of the branch—almost beyond the maximum effective range of a 9-year-old arm. Some groups begin to size up the situation efficiently. Other groups snarl into such hopeless complications of backing and misconception that I begin to mistrust my own solution, and suddenly for the first time I see and hear the contractors on site at the Tower of Babel.

The thick straight bole is unclimbable. They have to try. Two groups, independently, worked out the plan of hoisting the lightest, then hoisting the hoister, and so on until presumably there is a ladder of small bodies straight up the trunk to the branch. . . . The lightest clung like a limpet, way up, having oozed up from the hoister's shoulders until he could set his feet on the up-raised hands. And, suddenly realizing how high he was, yelled out, "I comin down," and did.

Whether or not the problem will be solved depends not only on somebody's coming up with the big idea, but on getting the solution through to the action gang. Several times the solution languished on the sidelines inside the head of a kid nobody would listen to. And one, Sagacious Queenie, didn't much care whether anybody got to swing or not and anyhow wasn't about to help the boys. She took the solution away with her in a clique of bored girls.

Obviously, the answer was to tie the twine to a rock, throw rock over branch, tie twine to rope, pull rope over branch, secure end of rope. Or is it so obvious? On a camp-out I once watched four men—a statistician, a university administrator and experienced mountaineer, a parapsychologist and a psychiatrist—work on this same problem in order to lift our sack of grub up and away from bears. Before their inelegant success, they stood around and discussed the problem for hours.

Which is exactly what Christopher had his people do. And then comes the breath-holding moment, that first inevitable turn of twine around the rope, which, though better postponed until the rock is up and over, still signals the real engineering breakthrough. However, Christopher tied the rock on the end of just 10 feet of twine. His idea, his winged vision, was that the heaved rock would draw behind it 20 feet of hawser

that would be through the sky over the branch and back down to the waiting kids. I was always very tough about intervention. Staff, junior counselors, visitors, passing loudmouths who might have been with a successful group the day before—all shut up, no help, no advice. But I had to intervene on this one. "When Christopher cranks back to throw, everyone clear out of the way." Christopher threw, rock flew to end of tether and whipped back like a bolo. The end of the rope had just about twitched. Repeat. He turned a three-quarter face and full sideways glance my way . . . to meet a gaze as blank and pitiless as the sun.

He took a second length of twine, same length as the first, a second rock, harnessed rock to rope. A tandem rig! A peer was enlisted to help power it. Together they let fly, but not in unison. A third was told to call signals. They threw. The end of the rope jumped, sort of. Michael, a superb fowler, an enthusiastic goer-through-the-motions, was drafted to power-boost the rope itself. He grabbed the end, at the signal waived it two-handed up and jumped for the excitement of it. A great grin and a funny look: he had not been suffering under the faintest hope that the thing would go over. Later that session, after the basic solution had been arrived at but was foundering in an exasperation of misjudged lengths, snagged twine, bad knots and dangling rocks, it was Michael who delivered a technical breakthrough: hold one end, throw the whole ball of twine over the branch. He brought the idea to me. "So do it." But Christopher was still driving the action gang through one of his own splendid moon shots. Michael never got the whole ball, which he needed.

Christopher failed to realize he was facing the crisis question in every great project: Are things going wrong because the idea itself is flawed, or because we are not putting enough into it? Not enough must have been in his judgment, because he then set on a course that would have ended up with a dozen small black arms cocked back in unison to catapult a dozen rocks in harness to the rope. Like diagrams of early flying machines, the thing had a flawed beauty to it unlike so much of our modern technology gone wrong: the F-111, the Ta-

*continued*

coma. Narrows Bridge, the Sheridan tank. (Here, the reader with some Newtonian physics might want to figure out whether Christopher's solution was impossible or merely impractical. You may have anelastic twine of infinite strength and as many 9-year-old kids as necessary.) But again the adult world had to intervene. With a dozen rocks lashing back every which way, one of them would be bound to hit someone.

Sometimes coaxing, sometimes demanding, a boy named Thomas worked me for how the other groups had done it. I reeled it all off: they called a helicopter, or bent the tree over, or used a trained eagle, or made a human ladder, or pole-vaulted. He stamped his foot at each fable and finally said it couldn't be done.

Some groups gave up quickly, going listlessly off. Others would stick with it all day. One group lacked a boy agile enough to make it to the first branch of the dogwood—useless anyway—and so rock by rock two kids began to build a stairway up the trunk.

Later, I would tell Bill Hurdle, who helped administer the camp, that it was like witnessing the dawn of technology. Hurdle replied, "You just like to rest after lunch." But most of the young counselors were getting caught up in their groups' success or failure, and anyhow they were glad not to have to go floundering through two miles of prickly pear for a change.

#### Rope II

So what else can children do with a 40-foot hawser? We stretch it between two trees, as high as we can reach, and Mulvihill demonstrates something called the Tyrolean Traverse. You dangle your body from the rope by hands and feet, make a few adjustments of the self and then simply hitch along in pain. Children with less body pressure per square inch enjoy it, though not many succeed in going the whole distance.

I picked two who had made it. Below the rope, I informed them, lay a 1,000-foot chasm with hungry crocodiles at the bottom. Start toward each other from opposite ends and may the better man win. It's Carlton vs. Gregory. Carlton is wiry and very agile but Gregory is strong and very agile and twice as big. They are just about to start when I hear

a small voice. Wait a minute, wait a minute, here's the new situation: this ground here is a swamp, you see, and it's crawling with poison snakes, and if any part of either of you touches the swamp the snakes can shoot right up and bite, so somehow you're going to have to get by each other.

Meeting at sag point, they hung on, exchanged monosyllabic instructions and then handholds. They strained and grabbed. One time Gregory's swinging foot kicked dust from the swamp but too quickly apparently for the snakes. Gregory and Carlton passed each other. I have no idea how they managed, but they did it and triumphantly touched their opposite trees. They had been getting yells and encouragement all the way, good noises.

#### Johnny Barbee

One day I had a heckler. The boy kept interrupting by finishing my sentences for me, by filling in the blanks. How come you know all this stuff? "I switched groups. I heard it all yesterday." He enjoyed his own joke. He wouldn't shut up. As jovially as I could, I pushed him backward off the log. Feet propped up, he lay back and laughed. I tried to intimidate him with what used to intimidate me in Army days—the slow, cold question, What's your name, soldier? It didn't work on Johnny Barbee.

Good-naturedly aggressive, Barbee had a lot of top-dog qualities—he was smart, strong, coordinated—which failed to get him the role because he rarely meshed with anyone in his group. He seemed too old for his age, things in him were being rushed to completion, or closure, for some forced deadline. He grabbed attention, he talked too much, he disrupted.

Still, we got on well enough in the days that followed. Time then for (Counselor) Sprague's Choral and Percussive Jubilee Concert with Xylophones. I was sitting on the ground, an infestation of the six or seven rowdiest around me. I had good enough rapport with some of them, but there was no psychology involved. When a small black face is confronted by a large white face that reddens, sweats, bulges veins and arteries at the temples and hisses through gritted teeth, "I want to hear the music," the kids will want to hear the music. Bar-

bee's group went up to perform. He stayed on the ground among the rowdies. How come? He shook his head, shrugged. Barbee, if I ask you a question, will you give me the right answer? "Yeah." If you won't tell me the truth, I won't tell you what the question is. "Yeah, O.K." (Children are gullible, they go for sucker bait endlessly.) Promise. "Yeah, promise." You scared to be up there in front of everybody? He ran a stick through the dust. "Naww. . . ." He looked up from the ground and down again. "Yeah." What could I say? I walk the edge of the same phobia.

#### Matching Leaves

Never asked, I never told them the name of anything. As a rule, anyway. Sometimes out of laziness or habit I would identify something.

We move into the woods and as I go I pluck one of this and one of that: hickory, oaks, popsisewa, wild ginger, etc., until it comes to one per child. The object is to bring me back one of the same kind; the goal is simply stop and look close. The first time out, I was reluctant to try such a sissy game on the men, they might turn on me. So while they were down in the creek doing the right things like rounding up crayfish and throwing stones into the water, I gathered the girls, handed each a leaf or twig and told them to go find me one like it. The troops, realizing that something—maybe better than what they were doing—was going on behind their backs, clambered out of the creek and demanded in on it. On that and 100 subsequent occasions, there was a wide range of results: one child coming back in 20 seconds saying that was too easy, give me another; one scouting grimly foot by foot, refusing to give up, passing by 20 of what he was looking for, another, peevish and unwilling to move more than a few feet out into the forest away from the protection of Daniel Boone (me) and the counselors, whines that there isn't any around. (If it is a high, clear kind of day, I yield to what usually is a little girl, saying, "Yes, I know it was the very last leaf of its sort left in the forest.") But that first time out was one of the good moments, like when the motorcycle gang decides to help plant seedlings in the park.

The leaf matching is a kind of per-

*continued*

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3. \_\_\_\_\_
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ceptual skill, subject to the usual distribution of ability. Outside the continuum was, of course, Johnny Barbee. I gave him a sprig of something-or-other, he circled off and was back in front of me in no time with the match. Repeat. And repeat. Then the flink, the inevitable mark, the agent without whom the wheels of the machine would grind, well, very differently: "He tearin them in half an showin you both pieces." Barbee showed only radiant glee. That trickster couldn't have kept his little triumph to himself more than another minute or so anyhow.

As for another few children, there were some who would take from me, say, the unique five-part leaf of a Virginia creeper, or the simple Valentine heart of the redbud tree, and return with a leaf of anything, absolutely anything. Not half trying, I thought, just going through the motions in order to get by. Six or seven of these kids in all went by me before I realized that I was being shown a basic and puzzling deficit in seeing. Well, whatever their names were, they now are back in school, and I wonder how they are doing.

A good leaf is wild ginger. A child matches it with another; I tell her to tear and smell them. With only a little grabbing, the bruised leaves are passed around. The children make their associations gravely: liniment, root beer, Necco wafers, cough syrup, soap. A few then scout for more, which they gather into great ugly fragrant bouquets.

*No One Could Hold A Candle . . .* Maynard announced his birthday was coming up. That was great, congratulations. "Will you give me a present?" Not a chance, Maynard, this is a tough place, nobody in the history of this camp has ever been given a birthday present, and you're not going to be the first. "Will I get a birthday cake?" There's not a soul here can or will bake. We don't have the stuff and, even if we did, this isn't the kind of place where we bake birthday cakes. Maynard thought a moment and asked, "Will you give me a hug?" I gave him his hug, set him down and told him what's more his group would sing him *Happy Birthday* when the time came. They did so, a version new to me in which the celebrant has a stanza to sing solo—"Today I am eight,

today I am eight, something something etc." They then gave him a thumping, not gently but not too rough.

Months later, my own children ran across Maynard in a public park. He was still working strangers for little remembrances on one of the many auxiliary birthdays he has strung through the year.

*A Law Of Nature All But Repeated* Spiders eat flies. Questioned about what spiders eat, too many children had given me answers like fruit? nuts? grass?

In the school cafeteria where we went for lunch, I snatched at flies until I had half a dozen imprisoned in an empty milk carton. If one cannot withstand dubious expressions on watchers' faces, life becomes a poorly memorized performance in front of a cold audience.

Exploring the woods, we got used to spider webs by the faceful, or most of us did. A pretty child, a self-possessed and pampered princess, let the rest of her group know, "I always walk right behind Mr. Service." She set me up well enough, waiting a few beats. "He clears off the spider webs." But when you want a spider web, you never can find one. Eventually, however, fly carton in hand, I found a web just above eye level. All right, people, gather round. I threw one of the flies in. The spider, the common woods kind with the odd spiky abdomen, ran smoothly up the web to safety: the movement of my hand, the puff of air, something. I resisted the urge to smash it. Well, it wasn't the only spider in the woods. The next, one of a sort that weaves a horizontal net and races out from hiding to seize any prey that falls into the trap, would not emerge. The spider was there all right, lurking at the end of its silk tube, but it just wouldn't come out. A bad choice. Habitually paranoid, the type retreats at the least disturbance, and my 10 crowding, blundering ox-foots were too much of a disturbance. Other webs. The micro-nightmare began. The fly, thrown several times, would pass back and forth through the web unscathed until lost or trampled by an ox-foot. Interest and, more important, faith were dissipating rapidly. I was down to my last fly, which I dropped into a small delicate web shaped like an upside-down parachute; its sophisticated artificer was also small

and delicate, an iridescent greenish thing. I thank and praise it for going right to work, subtly and lethally. I gave a running commentary: the loop around the leg, more lines around the whole fly, back under the web to put the poison into a leg yet keep protected in case the insect was a kind that could bite back, then on top again to put more poison in and draw the fly's insides out. I hesitated, and it became a pause for effect . . . the way you suck milk through a straw out of a carton. Some of the group, of course, had immediately gone off uninterested. The rest watched exactly the way fascinated children are supposed to watch, and because this loss and gain of life was going on a foot or so above their heads, their mouths were slightly open as they looked upward. Soon, questions and comments and a few condemnations of the mean old spider (implicitly, condemnations of me). Well sir, we all want meat, and that's the spider's meat, only he's got no choice, that's the only kind of thing he can eat.

I walked out of the woods that day only slightly shaken. But for that sixth fly and last spider, I would have walked out a broken man. I go on to learn which spiders will perform in front of a jostling public and rely on them to keep order in nature.

#### *Volunteers*

We call for volunteers. They might be put to a bad job like picking up trash or maybe to a good job like damming up the creek for a dunking pool. There was just no telling. Twenty crowd up to do what we have only equipment or space for 15 to do. O.K., troops, I'm looking for five volunteers . . . there we are . . . you, you, you and you—out! That's right, go. Do something else. Better luck next time, there are lots of days left. They discover that while the system can be outgassed, the odds are difficult.

#### *Why I Like The Orangemen*

We thought we were dividing our first invasion into six color groups at random, but the devil surely nudged those we called Orange together into one. The children who heckle my lectures, tear up my books and notes, tromp my spectacles, steal the turtles, bombard birds' nests (I have to stage indignation at this:

all nests were, of course, empty by then), take up clubs to hammer trees with and also to threaten each other, smash aquariums, put the salamanders in with the snakes—those were the ones I found best to deal with. Provided, always provided, they came in small enough numbers to be met face to face. Bill Hurdle gave me insight into part of the reason for my choice: "Fifteen minutes walk into those woods and they're all yours. They're afraid they'll never get back."

So it's Day One. I give some variation of my lecture on the possibility of tigers and alligators and on the reality of copperheads and keep within sight of each other, etc. etc. I ask for a leader to take us anywhere he wants right into the woods, but stay off the trails and paths. At the word "leader," Emmet springs up and puts his fist up by my face. No, the hand is open. Volunteering to lead differs considerably from leading.

Emmet, as leader, planes uncertainly along the margin of the woods. "Is this the way?" Your choice, Emmet, anywhere you want to take us. His gaze wanders dubiously from me to the dark-green interior of the trackless jungle and to some of his followers, who, comfortless, begin to goad him. He comes to a place in the road where a narrow extension of timber separates us from a playing field. He plunges us deep into forest and 30 steps later out the other side and triumphantly into the blazing sun. We thank Emmet, give another kid his turn. This one plows right on in and, elbows out, takes great, high-tramp-down strides to assert his rank. He will clear the

way. But when any kind of footpath is detected, our fearless leader swerves toward it with the greatest relief, even though he has no idea where it may go. We head decisively away and into the wilderness.

The woods are a maze: stretches of maturing hardwoods, odd patches of starved-out fields now scrambled with bear, honeysuckle, poverty pine, hell-fetter; cool groves of pine, holly, cedar, all carpeted with ground cedar—rather eerie and mysterious new forest. The point is, you can't see very far in any direction except up, and the admonition to keep in sight is, the first few times out, unnecessary. The group that minutes before was fanning out all over the playground proceeds now as a moving huddle or strings out in lockstep. They trample on each other's heels and on mine. Look around, men, there's really enough woods here for everybody. Spread out. They go on chewing each other out for tripping.

We stop for a breather. O.K., tell me, which way back to the lodge? Arms signpost every which way except straight up and straight down. They are anxious to know which is the right way. Maybe here a feather touch of sadism: I don't know for sure which way, are we lost? It's like the roller coaster or the horror movie. You know you're safe, but The children appeal to the counselors, who return elaborate shrugs. It's not a good idea to stretch the game out too

long. But notably, if at this point I give a little talk on how not to get lost in the wilderness, I am talking to an attentive group. To that extent, then, Hurdle was right: the change in the Orangemen from rabble to Sunday school class is very soothing. More important was seeing it enacted, but the restless troublemaker was very often the kid most eager to go out and search for things.

#### Wasps

When very young, I was persuaded by a friend a few years older to "feed the bees." He would cut open an apple from the old tree in his backyard, sit down and offer the hand-held apple to any passing bee or wasp. They came to sup in numbers and in kinds. He would let the juice run over his hand and deliberately spread some around on his arm so that they would take it right from his skin. That was how he did it, and so did I. Stepwise, in fear and doubt and resentment, so did I. And in time I lost all—nearly all—fear of wasps. We drew the line at real hornets, as a matter of policy, but we courted those striped harlequins. They were ideal for this early test of machismo.

There was one more test. We did it with bees and yellow jackets (the *torro* gets to select his own bull, remember) but I don't think with anything else. While the insect is feeding, one nudges it with a forefinger, delicately. But the point is to carry it off with nonchalance, as if one could shove a bee, elbow it to one side, with impunity.

One morning about 25 years later a scream of little girls pulled me from sleep right up out of bed. Four children, among them my daughter, had been hit by a squadron of yellow jackets. When the cries had choked down to sobs and snuffles, I began to lay down the unguent doctrine that if you don't bother them they won't bother you—in fact, if you're nice to them. . . . I fetched a grape and split it. These folk nest in the earth. I found the entrance, approached it. The little girls huddled a safe distance away, all smug-faced and well-fed. I held the grape to the opening. The first wasp out landed on the grape, walked directly across and over my thumbnail to the root and, as soon as it found itself on flesh, utterly without gesture or vehemence (not waspish, not mad

*continued*



as a hornet), it sunk its stinger through the fine papery skin behind the nail. I shook away grape and wasp and sauntered back with set jaw to the little ladies. "Remember where the nest is," I said, "and go around it."

Now, a few years later, I sat by the iced juice vat at the day camp and ruminated. People had been getting stung. Great tears had run down the face of Jo Sally, and everyone wanted to comfort her. Ronald, stung once on a hike, vowed he never again would go into the woods.

A few days before I had trudged back up the dusty road in the company of teary children and remarked to Hurdle, "If I were a platoon leader I'd be court-martialed." Why? "We came under fire and I lost control of my group, also I don't know where some of them are." They came back. Which was no surprise. What had happened, I'd taken the troops, with the three "missing" men foraging on ahead in the creek bed, right into an ambush. Taking a page from General Gnap, the wasps let me and a few others pass, then opened up. Scream, jump, flap, flail, scatter, panic. The young lady who shrieked the loudest and thrashed the most desperately while crying for help came through untouched, of course . . . made me want to go back and sic one on her. So there I was counting the casualties while sitting at the picnic table. The bees and wasps were thronging enough to set up a light chiming drone as they searched out the laboratory-flavored mechanical fruit juice we often served. I showed to myself and anybody who would watch how you could let them land on you, even push one (just don't lean on him), or gesture dismissively at one flying around. Many of the counselors would squeal and swing at them—bad practice, a sure way to get stung. I kept saying—but in all the days around the juice vat, with children and bees and wasps lined up together, there was only a single sting, and in that case the insect had definitely been leached on.

The idea of what was happening came with no great flash of light. Obviously, the wasps are triggered to sting anything that causes commotion close to the nest. What had been happening was the kids at the head of the column were alerting the nest and, by the time the

wasps had scrambled up and out, it was the kids in the middle of the column who got hit. The squealing, flailing, stomping turmoil would drive every able-bodied wasp into action. Some kids will run ahead, others retreat. It's a massacre. I ruled out massive retaliation as contrary to the spirit of things but developed some sound defensive doctrine that I delivered to the counselors: at the first sting, yell out and everybody turn sharp left or sharp right and scatter. Disperse. In subsequent engagements, whether or not the casualty figures went down, I can't say. Come to think of it, it wasn't any great crisis to begin with.

## Waterfall

The big rain . . . water swooping beer cans, boxes, bottles across roads, the cars blinded, all colors grayed out by the curtains of water except for the bright orange that the gullies spewed into new lakes. Ninety kids crowded into the lodge, everything steamy wet, the electricity out and no water unless you wanted to face skyward and drown in it. If ever they were going to turn on us, then was their chance. Songs and dances and skits and any minute they were going to blow the walls out. That rain, there was no sense or order in it. "Why don't you take them down and show them what a waterfall really looks like," Mulvihill suggested. It seemed one dubious idea.

We called for men of unquestionable courage to face rain, cold, flood, wind, almost certain death. And stripped to shorts, we splashed off down the path. The rain through the trees was cold; they knotted their bodies tight against it. You cold? Naw! Yeah, I cold. Scared? No. Near the falls, they stopped in some consternation. What's makin that noise? Jet plane. Naw. Trucks? The wind in the trees? Uh uh. One kid shouted the truth: "It's the waterfall." Slow down, gentlemen. I meant to lead the column but a few piled on past me, for which I'm glad, because I got to see them react. I seem to remember each child doing the same thing, although in my eye I see only the four in front of me; and what I did myself was similar, because the torrent of water was a lot more than I had expected. Each child half bent his body, clenched fists, flexed

arms at sides, and, wide-eyed, wide-mouthed, jittered and yelled into the face of the cataract. Eee-yah!

## Counterphobia

I remember no storm within the past two or three years that could have broken so thick and sound a hickory tree, but there it was. An oak had caught it by the crown before it could lay itself out. You could walk up this straightened rainbow, or crawl, or worm, until you were higher off the ground than most people like to be with nothing to hold on to. At nine feet high a young maple crossed within easy reach. On discovering the fallen tree, in a daze of courage, I simply walked up as far as the maple, seized hold of its limbless trunk and shimmied to the ground. Most of my squad that day followed, a few of them capering up the incline, their balance, confidence and coordination keeping them as secure on that round and railingless bole as on stairs. Others froze, had to be coaxed and herded and tough-talked. Some did not want to try. Myself, at that age, I was not the kind of child to go capering no-hands up anything. Consequently, today everyone was going to try it. Just take a few steps, then jump off . . . a few steps and I'll lift you down just as soon as you get scared.

And so every last one made it. Falling is the purest of fears, and one way or another each small face reflected the fact—some, by its mirror image, arrogance and show-off. The good moment, the big moment, comes when the frightened child lurches from the high trunk to cling to the fire-pole maple and in a grip of hands and legs is able for a few seconds to hang up there before sliding down. One sees on the face any mixture of pride, relief, glee, mastery. Anyhow, the unhappy face becomes happier. Most of them go around until told to quit, it's time to head on in.

Another group, and another. (Not the next two, however—those two expeditions out, I failed to find the tree.)

Deryl is heavy, slow-moving and has too little muscle for the load. He took a few steps up and wanted to quit. All fours then. O.K. A few more feet up. Can't. Yes. Can't. Hug it and squinch your way up. O.K. . . . I goin back down. No. You're there, you've

*continued*

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got it made, keep coming. The fine, expressive eyes began to roll. Tired. Can't make it. The other kids coaxed, or goaded impatiently. Then Barry, also overweight but who had made it one time, who had been sitting off to one side a d shap up what he had to say as if packing an ice ball, let it fly: "You so scared you wouldn't fight even if you found somebody was messin with your girl." Now the situation had been cranked up one notch. Deryl was going to have to make it.

He nodded assent. He would keep trying. He strained, humped, pulled at bark. "He slippin back even so?" I cleared the kids off the trunk behind him and went up to where he was. Now what? Straddling the trunk I leaned forward to give that great butt a push. Deryl moved his limbs inconclusively. I looked down—against all wisdom—and at the maple a few feet away. One had to reach out and fall to it with trust, and once on it considerable agility would be needed to get down. Could he hold himself up on it, or would it tear through his hands as he fell? Around about then, Deryl's weakness and weight and fear came over me. For a time, we both weighed hundreds of pounds dead weight, clinging with spindly, numb, jelly arms and legs to a willow branch over a chuff. "I'm comin back down," Deryl said. "O.K."

We get the message slowly. It required one more child from a later group. Enticed stepwise, the girl Sheba had made it up to right beside the maple. On hands and knees, she could reach out sideways and just touch it. That was all. She would not make the move. Because she was facing down, the tears dropped straight from her eyes to the bark. I tried to jolly her with something about making it slippery for the children behind her; then finally I reached up and brought her down. The grin of mastery they get and my puff of pleasure at seeing it are certainly worth something, but the bargain depends on which child has to pay how much.

#### *Finding The Way*

Conjecture often spewed into open accusation on the matter of whether or not I ever really got lost in the wilderness. Since just south of the camp a road runs east-west, all the punicky ex-

plorer had to do was to head south to save himself and the little folk. Therefore, in that sense, I was never lost. But, well, let me put it this way: If one is not where one thinks one is, or is misled as to the time required to circle back to a designated spot, then I suppose, in terms of time and space, one may be said to be disoriented. I was often disoriented.

Counselor Sprague, now, he got lost, although he might want to quibble with the word. Having set aside their chimes and tambours, he and his crew impulsively headed off somewhere and ended up in a patchwork wasteland of old fields.



It takes a rough kind of vegetation to get by on those washed-out, wrung-out soils—stands of splintery pines crowded like toothpicks, rolling waves of honeysuckle, prickabrians in abundance. The children do not like the prickabrians. Partly as warning, partly as malediction, they yell "prickabrian" at the sight or touch of any of the four plants that bear the name. A few in Sprague's group were becoming peevish even before it was time to return. He then made what turned out to be an error in judgment and a failure in image maintenance. He let it be known that they were going back to the lodge. When, 10 minutes later, they ended up in what was clearly the same field of prickabrians, the mood shaded toward the mutinous. Now whether in the 10 bad minutes between visit and revisit to the briar patch Sprague was lost or disoriented is mere definition. It was definite, though, that he was useful at the second sight of the

briar patch, uneasy in his subsequent journey, glad to get back and gutsy enough to tell about it.

On such occasions when one becomes disoriented, there's a certain amount of, well, *face* to be maintained. I don't care if you call it front. The children ought to be on the buses by now. Behind you, the line straggles like a drugged brown centipede that has lost the famous centipede coordination. Ahead, the blank green wall. "Is we lost?" the wrong kid asks. You are not lost, you just don't know where the hell you are, nor does it much matter because at this rate, this slow crawl, it's going to take until sun-

down, by which time you are going to be sweating and in administrative troubles. Therefore, as a morale-boosting joke, you tell the wrong kid who asked, "Yes we're lost. You'd better start yelling for help." They yell. With sincerity and despair, they yell. Some of the little ones must have lost their faith. It is a harder job to get them to shut up than you expect or want.

But then, finally, cracks in the green wall and splinters of light up ahead and off to one side. Subtly, you shave a few degrees off your original bearing and line in on the light. You step out briskly into the sun and home. The children shout relief and joy.

You're not where you thought you'd be, it's a picnic area and not anywhere in sight of the ball field, but it's home. Probably not, but possibly some kid will ask if next time he can be the leader, and you have to be careful not to misconstrue what he has said.

END

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## TRUE BLUE

Sirs:

In *Hunting a Rhapsody in Blue* (July 12), Roy Blount wrote that Vida Blue "pitches with two dimes in his pocket for some mysterious reason." In a recent article in *The Detroit News* Vida was asked about the two dimes. He said they "represent 20 wins." When asked why he doesn't carry another dime in his pocket for 30 wins, his answer was: "Twenty would be enough." Whether he likes it or not, Vida Blue just might end up with 30 wins this year—and three dimes in his pocket.

SAUL ASHMO

Wyandotte, Mich.

Sirs:

The question of who throws the hardest in the American League has been answered. Umpire John Rice recently stated that he could tell how hard and how fast a pitcher threw by the sound the ball made when it hit the catcher's mitt. Mr. Rice, who has called three of Vida's games, said that Cleveland's Sam McDowell "is faster than anybody can be." Vida may be considered a superpitcher by some, but the expert says Sudden Sam is still No. 1 for speed. As everyone knows, the umpire always has the last word.

LAURIE EFFINGER

Canton, Ohio

Sirs:

I would like to tell Vida Blue that he has made the people of Louisiana, blacks and whites alike, proud of him. He has become the idol of many young ballplayers in Louisiana, and I would like to congratulate him on his record.

DUANE DUCOTE

Cottonport, La.

## FOOT FAULTS

Sirs:

Your article on the Wimbledon men's singles finals (*A Waltz at Wimbledon*, July 12) aptly sums up much of men's grass-court play today—boredom. The big service has taken the excitement out of top-notch singles play. Recognizing that much experimenting has been done in the past few years to improve the game, I wonder if the following rule has been tried. Namely, that the server be required to let the initial return-of-service bounce on the server's court before he is allowed to advance to the net. This would appear to reduce some of the effectiveness of the big serve and perhaps bring back the skill, excitement and interest that used to exist.

ARTHUR J. MIER

Grand Rapids

Sirs:

How long are you going to permit gratuitous insults to women in your magazine? I refer to the caption with the photograph of women at Wimbledon that says, "The strawberries are ripe, the girls ripe." Would you dare say, "The Negroes are funnier" or "The Italians are louder" just because they appear to be exactly what they are?

Stop it. We women do not like it and will not stand for it. And we are not "girls."

EDNA L. MCCARREN

New York City

## CELEBRATED OBSCURITY

Sirs:

Thank you for your relatively obscure article (*15M Something of a Somnolent Meeting*, July 12) on the "relatively obscure American high jumper named Pat Matzdorf." Obscure is a poor choice of words concerning Matzdorf, since he has won not only the 1971 Big Ten Indoor championship but also the 1970 NCAA outdoor title and this year's NCAA indoor high-jump championship. His rivals in the high jump did not find him obscure at all.

MIKE SCHILDER

Schofield, Wis.

Sirs:

You make it sound as if Matzdorf's achievement was a fluke. Pat's highest previous jump was not 7' 2" but 7' 3" in the Big Ten championship, and tied the American indoor record. Not only that, he has been very consistent, clearing seven feet many times this year. Please give credit when it's due.

MAURY B. BERGER

Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

I was manager of the track team at Sheboygan North during Pat Matzdorf's junior and senior years in high school, and Pat was not obscure to anybody. He practiced hard and earned everything he is receiving now. During his senior year in high school he jumped 6' 11" to set a new state record.

LEE LAUTENSCHLAGER

Sheboygan, Wis.

Sirs:

I feel compelled to write about an oversight of excellence concerning Arnie Robinson, the AAU champion in the long jump. And not just for his victories in the AAU and Rinsan meets but his domination of the long jump throughout the year. He won what is considered the big three invitations on the West Coast—the Mount SAC Relays (wind-aided 26' 3"), the West Coast Relays (25' 11") and the California Relays, where he

jumped 26' 4 1/4" and beat both James McAlister and Henry Hines. Arnie's consistency is something that should not be overlooked.

JOHN A. PHILLIPS

San Diego

Sirs:

Half off to the American girls for being "excited" as Gwynn Brown puts it. Maybe the best American men can run in Europe instead of Berkeley, but it's nice to know the women are still patriotic and try their best. Surely Mr. Brown doesn't realize it, but the lot of young U.S. women who are coming to the top is longer than the men's, and they deserve more than a paragraph mentioning Doris Brown's "valiant attempt." How about a word of praise for Iris Davis, who is a threat to Chu Cheng in the sprints; Patty Johnson, for winning the 100-meter hurdles; and the American women's 400-meter relay team (Orlen Brown, Mattline Render, Pat Hawkins and Iris Davis) for defeating the veteran Russians despite almost no practice on handoffs.

Maybe the only way to get Mr. Brown to notice the girls is for them to wear hot pants and see-through blouses as their track uniforms.

GREG MCCUNE

Plantville, Kans.

## HOLE COUNT

Sirs:

A couple of years ago *Sf* chose the 18 best golf holes in the country. Merion's dog-leg 1st and beautiful 11th were part of that classic course. Did they prove their worth in this year's Open, or did the world's best golfers take them apart? Perhaps somebody's computer kept the birds, par and bogey count on Merion's 1st and 11th.

BILL WEBER

New York City

● On the par-4 1st hole, esteemed for its beauty as a starting hole rather than for its difficulty, the Open field averaged 4.11 strokes. The 11th played very tough—4.29 strokes.—ED.

## SWORDFISH ANYONE?

Sirs:

Robert Boyle's interesting article (*The Catch Is, Should You Eat It?*, July 12) is misleading in part. In speaking of tournament swordfish, Boyle states: "If a person were really starving for swordfish, he could eat some of this fish, but one bite would be about enough." The implication is that just a little more than one single bite would be permanently harmful (or fatal).

Not so. In fact, from the figures Boyle cites, one could safely eat at least one ounce

continued



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### 16TH HOLE *continued*

of this swordfish per day forever. Or he could eat a serving of about eight ounces once a week forever.

DANIEL A. PANGHIN

Corvallis, Ore.

### WALTER NITTY SCORES AGAIN

Sirs:

Often attempts are made to reach a reader by identifying a sport on a personal level. In this endeavor George Plimpton (*In The Mind's Eye*, July 5) has woven a picture of tennis that all club players can enjoy. The glimpses of the pros and their reactions to situations the club player finds stifling are reassuring. Plimpton showed that the pros are human, not the automatic machines they often seem to be. How we all would like to play in that unreachable pinnacle called Wimbledon!—just as Plimpton does in his fantasy. Throughout the story Mr. Plimpton is the reader, the symbol of the layman eager to enter the confines of the tennis world.

RALPH MIENT

Great Neck, N.Y.

### BLONDES ARE BETTER

Sirs:

Your item in SCORECARD June 28 regarding the hardhat cure for black flies is not new. In 1955 I was logging for the Kelchikan Pulp Company at Camp Hollis on Prince of Wales Island in Alaska. Someone on the crew, disgusted with the world in general and black flies in particular, simply dumped a bottle of insect repellent on his hat, which was aluminum, and said, "To hell with it." As the men in Alberta found, it worked. The man's hat was soon black with flies.

Incidentally, this doesn't work on the flies in Yellowstone Park, but I have a remedy for that country that beats the greasy hat by several lengths and in several ways. What you want is a big blonde in a bikini, and two bottles of insect repellent, a double-thickness shirt and a mosquito-net hood for yourself. The one bottle of insect repellent you pour over your mosquito-net hood and your double-thickness shirt and your hands; the other bottle of insect repellent you stick in your pocket for later. The blonde works about like a hat, only she's better to look at. And the nice thing about having the second bottle of insect repellent is that you can use it sort of like a carrot on a stick for a donkey. It also helps if the blonde is not quite as smart as a donkey, and this is something that it is best to find out before you head into the back country in Yellowstone.

JAMES H. NELSON

Brookings, Ore.


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